

the AMERICAN GIRL

August
1953 · 25¢



*National Subteen
Design Contest Winners*



IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN!

MAKE *Extra* MONEY

SHOWING FAMOUS WALLACE BROWN

Exclusive, Exciting,
Greeting Cards



"Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment

By every standard the most thrillingly beautiful assortment of exquisite, original, EXCLUSIVE DESIGN Christmas Cards in America! 21 large-size cards—every one different! Sells for only \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

No Other Company Offers These Sensations!

Pictured here are only three of the more than 40 quality greeting card assortments and other items in the Wallace Brown line. Rush coupon for samples and money-making details.



Picturama Christmas Assortment

Sensational new idea—dramatic designs open up to complete Christmas panoramas of popular subjects in many lovely, gleaming colors. Sells for only \$1.00. Your profit up to 50c.



Merry Christmas Comics Assortment

Newest rage! A fun-packed assortment of gay and clever Christmas Cards. Every design a thrilling surprise! Sells for \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

CLUB LEADERS

Raise money for your club treasury! Members of your group can earn welcome dollars easily—for camp expenses, equipment, supplies. Mail coupon for details.

Send No Money!

MAIL THE COUPON FOR THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES!

Don't send a single penny! Just your name and address on the coupon in this ad. Actual sample of the exciting, easy-selling "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment shown on this page—PLUS FREE SAMPLES of personal, name-imprinted Christmas Cards—will be mailed to you at once, prepaid, with complete information and money-making plans. Mail the coupon NOW.

Famous Nationally Advertised Christmas and Everyday Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards

YOU DON'T NEED ANY EXPERIENCE AND WE SEND YOU SAMPLES

Here's the easiest and most pleasant way in the world to make the extra money you want! Simply show the lovely, exclusive assortments of Greeting Cards by Wallace Brown to your friends and neighbors! My, how fast they'll order from you when they see the gorgeous cards for Christmas and all occasions! You make more money with America's leading designs, amazing new, completely-different, original creations offered by no other company. Yes, balanced assortments of lavish, costly cards—gorgeous papers including suedes and parchment, jewelled "glitter", velvety "flocking", novel folds and cut-outs—each assortment an eye-filling treasure and a money-saving value. Just wait until you see the many surprises! Mail the coupon below NOW for actual samples on approval.

Assortments Everyone Loves for Christmas and All Occasions—and Many Fast-Selling Gift Items Too!

You've never even imagined you could offer such wonder-values, all from one company. Only a few are listed below:

CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS: Besides those shown on this page you offer luxurious Golden Suede Assortment, Currier and Ives, "flocked" Christmas Velvet Assortment, Religious Scripture Texts, Gift-Wrapping Ensembles, unbelievably rich and exquisite Genuine PARCHMENT Assortment—and many others.

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS: Exclusive, high quality cards with name imprinted, at low money-saving prices. We ship direct to your customers!

EVERYDAY ASSORTMENTS: "Feature" All-Occasion, Barrel-of-Fun Comics, Velvet Beauties Assortment, Rainbow Petals, Gift Wrappings, Gift Ribbons, and many others.

GIFT ITEMS: Floral Stationery, Imported Napkins, Children's Books, Personal Notes, "Shakespeare Howls" Napkins, Novelties, many others.

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples, sent on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-120
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush at once sample of the "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, and FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards, with details of complete line and money-making plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

() I am a Club Leader

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-120, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



by MARJORIE VETTER

HALFWAY TO HEAVEN. By RUTH ADAMS KNIGHT. *Whittlesey House*, \$2.75. Among the dogs at the ancient hospice of St. Bernard, the biggest and best is always named Barry to immortalize the brave heart and dauntless spirit of the greatest canine hero of all time, a dog of the Napoleonic era, Barry der Menschenretter. This is the story of those earlier vital dogs of the hospice, and of that first Barry and Joseph, the young novice who loved and trained him. It is magnificently told. So vivid and arresting is the prose that, though you read the book on a sweltering August day, you will actually shiver and suffer with Joseph in the icy cold at the top of the world, know the long lonely months shut in a glacial universe, experience the fear and awe of the swift, swirling storm, the violent wind, the dreaded avalanche. Though to be a monk had been a lifelong dream, and to be accepted by the hospice seemed a miracle to the slight boy from the lowlands of Italy, the chill austerity of his first retreat and the enmity of a fellow novice almost brought him to despair. It was working with the dogs—especially the puppy, Barry—that gave Joseph back his faith and joy in his life's work. Ruth Knight has written of a boy and his dog before, but never more sensitively, more movingly than in this beautiful story of faith and courage. It should be irresistible to dog lovers.

JOEL. By NORA BENJAMIN KUBIE. *Harper and Brothers*, \$2.50. In 1775, Joel Davidov seeks refuge in America, from persecution. He is tired of violence, opposed to war, but events crowd hard on the heels of one another to bring him into the Continental Army as a serious and dedicated soldier. Unjustly imprisoned by the British, he meets Nathan Hale, witnesses the battle of Long Island. Later he fights under Washington and Putnam in New York and Connecticut. In spite of his thoughtful maturity, he can be lighthearted; and his temper sometimes flares as red as his hair. From the ghettos, injustices, tyrannies of the Old World he brings a fresh and different outlook to the life and times of Colonial America, which are vividly seen through his eyes. His romance with a Christian girl, spirited Abigail Bailie, is movingly and sensitively told. Before Joel understands himself and his new country, proud and happy to be both an American and a Jew, the reader has been entertained by a fast-moving story and given much food for thought.

VAGABOND SUMMER. By ANNE EMERY. *Westminster Press*, \$2.50. Peg Madison was a talented artist, but she recoiled from the idea of working up to professional standards. Her friends talked of (Continued on page 9)

the nicest things are happening! enchanting "extras" turn up...the gay ombre stripe reveals a built-in blouse...dazzle plaid takes cover with its own matching knit cardigan! Fine woven washable cottons...8 to 14, about '8.



at these and other fine stores...
Higbee Co., Cleveland *Rike-Kumler Co., Dayton*
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit *Dayton Co., Minneapolis*
Rosenbaum Co., Pittsburgh
 or write *Rosenau Bros., Inc., Philadelphia 29, Pa.*

Yorkster

If you're hep to fashion, you'll go "long hair" this Fall — in shaggy, furry-soft fleece coats that take you from school to stadium, to soda fountain or soiree. Nobody has a finer feeling for fleeces than YORKSTER, creators of original coat styles for 37 years. And isn't it nice to know that first-time fashions can cost so little? Subteen sizes 10 to 14. Less than \$30

beauties to go with books beaux and budgets



Cashmere Fleece

Luxuriously soft cashmere and fine wool fleecing. Dashing sailboat collar. Lustrous iridescent twill lining — warmly interlined in all-wool. Pink, natural, blue.

Milium-Lined Fleece

Long-napped Zibeline domino check. Velvet-framed collar. Lined in insulating Milium, so it's warmer during cold snaps, more comfy in milder weather. Grey and brown.

At fine stores everywhere. For name of store nearest your home, write: **NEW YORK GIRL COAT CO., Inc.** 520 Eighth Ave. • New York 18, N. Y.

The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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Cover by Bill Benedict

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AUGUST COVER PHOTOGRAPH



At last you see the faces of our first-prize winners, just as we promised you in July when we showed you the backs of their heads. From left to right, on the bottom row, we present Delaine Knapp of Atlanta, Georgia, who designed the winning sportswear outfit and Sally Hanlon of Needham, Massachusetts, the winning dress designer. On the top row, from left to right: Marion Jane Townend, Charlotte, North Carolina, who is responsible for the winning sweater design and Charlotte Taylor, Ogden, Utah, whose coat design won top contest honors. Congratulations to all of them from all of us at THE AMERICAN GIRL. Who knows—perhaps someday their names will be fashion bywords. Be sure to see pages 38-39 where these winning designs are featured.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

Thousands Like You Say It's Easy To Make

BIG MONEY

IN YOUR SPARE TIME!



I Tried It and I Know
How Easy It Is to
Make Extra Money
The Southern Way!

Mrs. Shields,
Illinois

Earn Now with New and Different SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS CARDS

Now! See for yourself how easy it is to make money the Southern way!

D. H. Hurley of Louisiana, says:
"I just show Southern Greeting Cards.
They sell themselves!"

Mrs. C. S. Gary of Texas, writes:
"I never dreamed it would be so easy
to make money!"

You can make money, too! You don't need experience. All you do is SHOW exciting new 1953 SOUTHERN Christmas Cards that are styled with the South's flair for beauty. Friends, neighbors, everybody buys! You make huge profits at every showing!

Show Amazing New Cards With

NAME IN SILVER!

They're GORGEOUS! EXCITING! They sell like magic from samples we send you FREE! You make \$1 a box—\$65 on just 65 boxes! Earn still more with Southern's complete star-studded line of fast-sellers, including new 21-Card \$1 SOUTHERN BEAUTY Christmas Assortment that pays you up to 100% cash profit!

START NOW!

It doesn't cost you a penny to try this easy money-making plan. Just mail the coupon below for Southern's exciting sample kit including saleable Greeting Card Assortments on approval and FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted items. Act fast. Earn for yourself or your group NOW!

SOUTHERN
GREETING CARD CO.
Dept. 5-B

478 N. Hollywood St.
Memphis 12, Tenn.

MAIL NOW FOR SAMPLES!

SOUTHERN GREETING CARD CO., Dept. 5-B
478 N. Hollywood St., Memphis 12, Tenn.

Please send full facts on your spare-time Money-Making Plan. Include Assortments on approval and FREE Imprint Samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



Official Girl Scout Shoes go with whatever you wear

You'll hike easier and feel wonderful in comfortable Official Shoes. Make it a point to try on a pair real soon.



It's not an Official Shoe unless it has the above trademark

GIRL SCOUT . . . \$8.45
(slightly higher in far West)
BROWNIE SCOUT . . . \$7.45



MADE TO WEAR WITH YOUR
OFFICIAL DRESS UNIFORM

For Your Dealer's Name Write: BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo. or
CURTIS STEPHENS EMBRY CO., Reading, Pennsylvania



GIRL SCOUTS of the U.S.A.

National Equipment Service

NEW YORK • ST. LOUIS • SAN FRANCISCO



Chatwood

COLLEGIATE COLORAMA... the winning colors in back-to-campus coats for the High School crowd. Delightfully styled in 100% virgin wool blanket fleece **NAPPED ON BOTH SIDES** for real warmth... **AND LUXURY LINED WITH MILIUM[®] INSULATED LININGS BY EARL-GLO.** They're crammed full of style, have a butter-soft touch blended into the fabric itself. The Milium lining keeps you warm when it's cold and cool under the hot sun. Wear it early and all through the winter in perfect comfort.

Flame Red, Cotillion Blue, Royal Blue, Carnival Green, Ice Blue, Candy Pink, Honey, Hollywood Green. About \$35. Sizes 10 to 14 at fine stores everywhere

or for store nearest you write **GLASS COAT CO., INC.**, 519 Eighth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Milium
INSULATED FABRIC

©"MILIUM" IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DEERING, MILLIKEN & CO., INC. FOR METAL-INSULATED FABRICS.



Very nice work

—by Howard and his camera



Howard Barnes, Salt Lake City, Utah, saw his opportunity and caught this shot of the toothpick game.

Like Howard, you can catch the big moments around school, with friends, at home, and on trips. You can get the pictures that rate high with the gang and win top billing in billfolds.

Mostly it's seeing the warm, interesting things that are happening around you all the time. You easily get the habit of spotting them. Then with one of today's excellent, easy-to-use cameras, loaded with Kodak Film, you're all set to go—ready to get the pictures you'll be proud to own—proud to show.



First choice of beginners and experts alike —
genuine Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box

New, thrifty Duo-Pak holds 2 rolls of Kodak Verichrome Film for black-and-white snapshots—one roll for your camera—one for a spare. In the popular sizes 620, 120, 127.

Kodak
TRADE MARK

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Books (Continued from page 3)

college, but she had no wish to study for a career. All she desired was to see the world, independent and unencumbered. The minute a friend suggested a hostel trip Peg knew what she wanted to do with her savings. So from Washington, D. C., she embarked on a trip around the United States and Canada with a group of more or less congenial boys and girls and their chaperons. Deliberately she had left her drawing materials at home, but so strong was the urge to sketch her companions and the varied scenery through which she was traveling, that she spent some of her carefully budgeted funds for new materials. Ken, the boy she liked best, was writing a hostel book, which Peg yearned to illustrate. She discovered, however, that much hard work must come between yearning and doing. And there was the complication of Annis, a photography fan, who also liked Ken and wanted to illustrate his book with her photographs. If you have read "Senior Year," "Going Steady," "Sorority Girl," you know how well Mrs. Emery knows young people and how successfully she writes about them. As you can imagine, the story of a group of her lively, authentic teen-agers, getting a taste of group living on an exciting hostel trip, is your kind of entertaining reading.

THE EXTRA HAND. By RENE PRUD'HOMMEAUX. The Viking Press, \$2.50. For amateurs, Belinda Drayton and her father were pretty good at magic. They practiced while they were guests at the Eastrum farm near Dr. Day's sanitarium for nervous disorders, where Mrs. Drayton was recuperating. Two lively brothers, Richard and John Knight, were also guests at the Eastrums'. They were fascinated by the aura of mystery surrounding the Draytons and by their magic. Not so Mr. Drayton's wealthy Aunt Myrtle who, complete with Pekingese and chauffeur, drove over from a neighboring fashionable hotel to demand that her nephew put his mind on business. How could Mr. Drayton continue with his beloved magic in the face of her ultimatum? What was her chauffeur doing at the deserted Decker barn? What strange things were taking place at Dr. Day's sanitarium? How could you expect two alert, quick-witted boys not to become involved in a setup like that? Though certainly they never expected they would be performing in a professional show at the big hotel or actually bringing off a neat bit of crime detection. A fast-moving mystery, a background of magic, interesting characters, witty, highly original young people give sparkle and zip to this story.

FIVE FOR FREEDOM. By CONSTANCE BUEL BURNETT. Abelard Press, \$3.50. You, who have grown up to expect to vote for the candidate of your choice, perhaps to seek office yourselves, to enter whatever profession you wish, will find it hard to realize that fifty short years ago such things were denied women. Five courageous women fought to give you these rights—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and Carrie Chapman Catt. Their inspiring stories are told in this book with fire and warm sympathy. **THE END**

If you are interested in books reviewed on these pages, and you cannot find copies at your local bookstore, you may order from the publishers in care of the magazine. Please make checks or money orders payable to the publisher, not to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



"EXTRA MONEY"

BY
SELLING

Merit CHRISTMAS CARDS

YOU TOO CAN MAKE \$50.00
OR MORE IN YOUR SPARE TIME

EMBOSSED
CHRISTMAS
CARDS
WITH NAME
50 for \$1.50

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
Name as Approved

NO
EXPERIENCE
NEEDED

COMMENDED
PARENTS'
APPROVAL

START
EARNING
AT
ONCE

Mail Coupon
TODAY!

MERIT CARD CO.
370 Plane St., Newark, N. J.

Think of all you can do with fifty dollars. It's easy to make that much and more! Just sell MERIT Christmas and all occasion cards.

YOU MUST MAKE MONEY WITH MERIT

Just show samples of Merit's sparkling new Christmas Assortments to your friends and acquaintances. Everyone sends greeting cards. Everyone buys! Amazing value of card Assortments **SELL ON SIGHT** at just \$1.00. You make up to 100% CASH PROFIT on quick, easy sales.

Complete Line of AMAZING VALUES!

21 for \$1 assortment, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Greeting Cards and many more. All are automatic sellers that pay big! In addition, show EMBOSSED NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards as low as 50 for \$1.50; PERSONAL STATIONERY, other imprinted items. Your earnings pile up fast!

SEND FOR SAMPLES ON APPROVAL...ACT NOW FOR THE BIG MONEY!

Start earning with SAMPLES of Name-Imprinted lines and assortments on approval. Mail coupon for samples today!

Organizations, church groups: Raise money this easy way.

MERIT CARD CO. Dept. 13
370 Plane St., Newark, N. J.

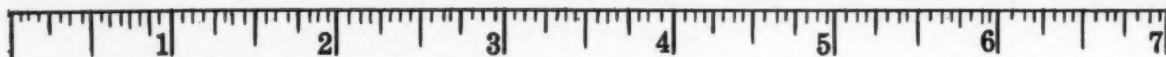
Please rush my samples on approval, plus your selling plan on how to MAKE MORE MONEY WITH MERIT.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here for organization.



"Style's the rule for back

a. **GRAND KNITTING's** "love-that-nylon" sweater, its collar sparked with pearl and metallic embroidery, matching ocean pearl buttons. Wonderfully washable and quick drying. Pink, maize, white or blue. Subteen sizes 10 to 14. \$5.98

b. **TOURAINÉ's** authentic clan plaid skirt in "LORETTE" by Milliken, (55% Orlon, 45% wool.) Permanent all-around small box pleats. Washes to perfection. Black Watch (blue and green) or Dress Stewart (red) plaid. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$8.98

MAY KNITTING's soft heather-toned sweaters at "Orlaine" (50% Orlon, 50% fine wool) wash and dry real fast, keep their shape, never shrink. Both sweaters in subteen sizes 10 to 14.

c. Short-sleeve, with adorable scalloped white neck and cuff: heather blue, heather beige or heather grey. \$3.98

d. Contrasting long sleeve solid color cardigans: oxford blue, oxford brown or oxford grey. \$5.98

e. **DERBY's** skirt in men's wear flannel with striped elastic cinch belt, pockets are topstitched white to match the elastic belt. 100% wool in men's wear grey, brown or navy. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$7.98

All Subteen clothes on both pages are available at the following stores:

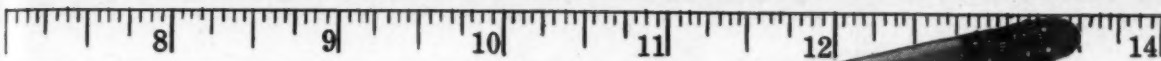
Baltimore, Md. Stewart & Co.
Boston, Mass. Chandler's
Buffalo, N. Y. The William Henger Co.
Charlotte, N. C. J. B. Ivey & Co.
Clayton, Mo. Scruggs Vandervoort
Dayton, Ohio The Elder & Johnston Co.
Denver, Colo. Denver Dry Goods Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind. Wolf & Dessauer

Grand Rapids, Mich. Werzburg
Greenville, S. C. Ivey-Kelth Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Emery-Bird-Thayer Co.
Lexington, Ky. Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. The Broadway
Louisville, Ky. Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Memphis, Tenn. Goldsmith's
Milwaukee, Wisc. Schuster's

Minneapolis, Minn. Powers Dry Goods Co.
New Orleans, La. D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C. Ivey-Taylor Co.
St. Louis, Mo. Scruggs Vandervoort
Salt Lake City, Utah Auerbach's
Scranton, Pa. The Globe

Montreal, Canada Jos. A. Ogilvy's, Ltd.

Mail coupon to store listed which is nearest you.



to school"

f. **B'TWEENERS'** boy-tailored cotton shirt with gold plated safety pin at collar, rhinestone-center buttons... perfect compliment to your skirts and suits. Sanforized, mercerized and of combed cotton yarn that washes beautifully. White only. Subteen sizes 10 to 14. \$3.98

g. **SEMITEEN's** corduroy jumper in lively tic-tac-toe print with sweetheart neckline to make it special. Nailhead studded belt, cuffed pockets. Navy or red with white print. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$8.98

h. **RANDY's** jersey blouse buttons down the front... has a ribbed waistband so you can wear it in or out... is trimmed with corduroy to match the skirt. In grey heather with red or royal blue corduroy; beige heather with gold or jade green. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$2.98

i. **CARROT TOP's** pinwale corduroy skirt teams up happily with the blouse. All-around cluster pleats, side pocket. Hand washable. In red, gold, royal blue or jade green. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$5.98



STORE _____
Please send me the following:

ITEM	PRICE	SIZE	COLOR	2nd COLOR CHOICE
A	@ \$5.98			
B	@ 8.98			
C	@ 3.98			
D	@ 5.98			
E	@ 7.98			

ITEM	PRICE	SIZE	COLOR	2nd COLOR CHOICE
F	@ 3.98			
G	@ 8.98			
H	@ 2.98			
I	@ 5.98			

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

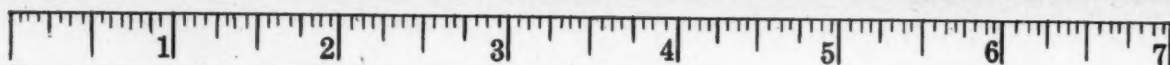
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Enclosed check ☐ Money order ☐

Send C.O.D. ☐

(Add city sales tax where required)

I have added 25¢ to cover cost of postage and handling.



"Style's the rule for back



j. **CHERIE GIRL'S** cozy chinchilla topper with snug windbreaker wrists is your warmest friend. Brass buttons march smartly down the front. A blaze of red corduroy makes the lining. Navy or banker's grey. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$19.98

k. **UTILITY RAINGARB'S** wet-weather pair in water repellent cotton twill with contrasting corduroy accents. The pert matching jockey cap comes with it. Red with navy corduroy trim, navy with red or natural with copper. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$10.98

All Subteen clothes on both pages are available at the following stores:

Baltimore, Md. Stewart & Co.
Boston, Mass. Chandler's
Buffalo, N. Y. The William Hengerer Co.
Charlotte, N. C. J. B. Ivey & Co.
Clayton, Mo. Scruggs Vandervoort
Dayton, Ohio The Elder & Johnston Co.

Denver, Colo. Denver Dry Goods Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind. Wolf & Dessauer
Grand Rapids, Mich. Wurzburg
Greenville, S. C. Ivey-Keith Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Emery-Bird-Thayer Co.
Lexington, Ky. Stewart Dry Goods Co.

Los Angeles, Calif. The Broadway
Louisville, Ky. Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Memphis, Tenn. Goldsmith's
Milwaukee, Wisc. Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minn. Powers Dry Goods Co.
New Orleans, La. D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.



to school"



RAINBOW's date dress for big moments in Knapli, a new rayon and cotton faille by DUCHESS FABRICS. Take off the jacket when you want to show off the sleeveless dress. Both trimmed with matching woven dots. Carmel, teal or red. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$14.98

ABBY TEEN's tweedy-look cotton with yards and yards of skirt, enormous pockets. In a SOAP'N WATER fabric that washes like a charm. Zips up the back. Green with dark green trim, blue or rose with navy. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$7.98

STORE

Please send me the following:

ITEM	PRICE	SIZE	COLOR	2nd COLOR CHOICE
J	@ \$19.98			
K	@ 10.98			
L	@ 14.98			
M	@ 7.98			

Raleigh, N. C. Ivey-Taylor Co.
St. Louis, Mo. Scruggs Vandervoort
Salt Lake City, Utah Auerbach's
Scranton, Pa. The Globe

Montreal, Canada Jas. A. Ogilvy's, Ltd.

Mail coupon to store listed which is nearest you.

NAME _____

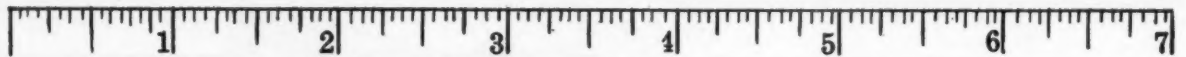
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Enclosed check ☐ Money order ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐

(Add city sales tax where required)

I have added 25¢ to cover cost of postage & handling.



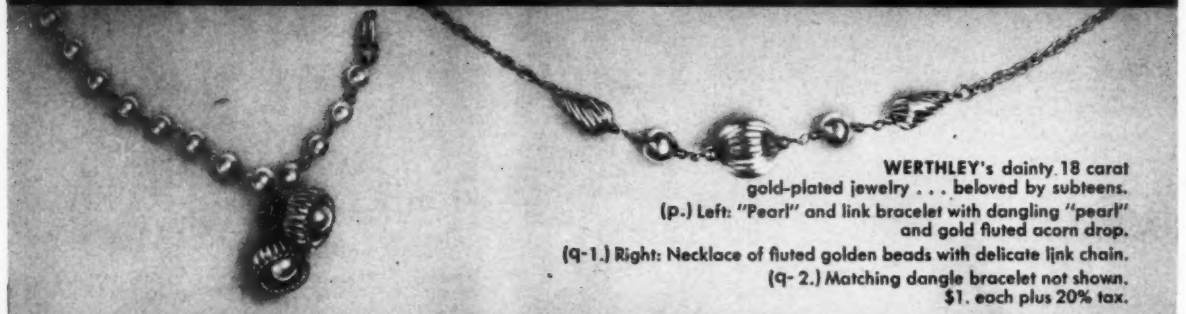
"Style's the rule for back



CAPULETS hats . . . that go to a subteen's head.

(n.) Left: Dress-up cap, angora-edged, with "headhugger" clip brim. Adjustable headsize. Black, brown or navy velvet; red or green velveteen.

(o.) Right: "Teen-Trick" corduroy jockey cap with your initials name or club (not over 5 letters) in white felt on detachable leather band. Red, dark green, copper, gold, navy or brown. S, M, L. \$2.98 each.

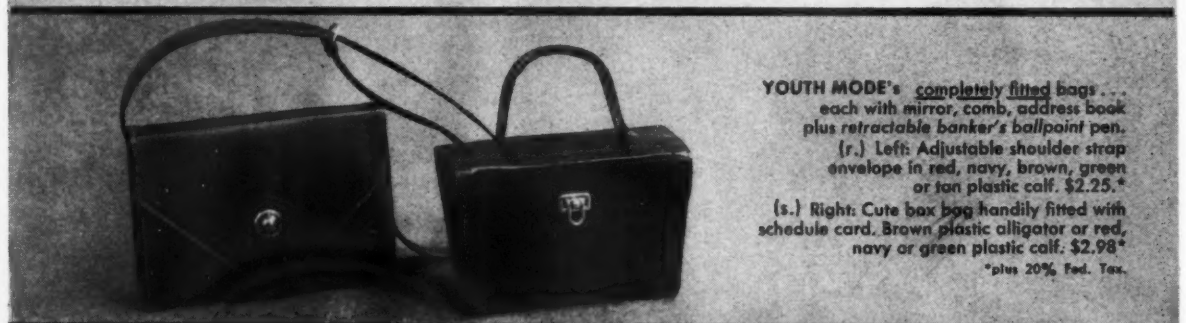


WERTHLEY's dainty 18 carat gold-plated jewelry . . . beloved by subteens.

(p-) Left: "Pearl" and link bracelet with dangling "pearl" and gold fluted acorn drop.

(q-1.) Right: Necklace of fluted golden beads with delicate link chain.

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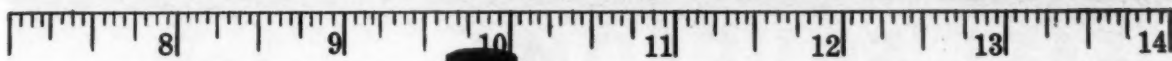
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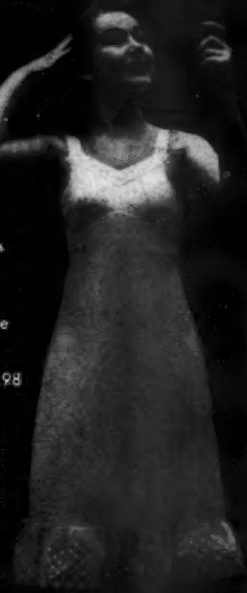
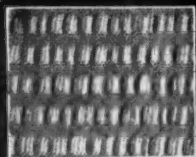
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Skipper- Surprise!

by JOAN ANDRE PORTER

SKIPPER began our Mariner troop meeting by throwing a dilemma at us.

"News, kids . . . the Blossom Beach Orange Day parade is featuring a youth division this year. That means all the youth groups will be getting up floats. There'll be prizes, of course, for the most original and the most beautiful and . . ."

We groaned. We just groaned one after the other.

Skipper smiled at us and didn't say a word. She's pretty and smart and the best swimming coach our high school ever had, but I guess the best way to describe her is to say that she never bosses us around—she really leads. So does Bonnie, our assistant leader who is as brunette and short and bouncy as Skipper is tall and blond and wind-swept, looking as I imagine a Viking princess would. This float business was our bone, and they let us worry it.

"What are we going to do for money?" Marcy Adams came right out loud with what was bothering us. "Our treasury's null and void. On nothing we can't compete with the kind of thing they have every year."

"The Sea Scouts will take first prize, I just know it," Bobbie Buckman predicted darkly. Someone else added, "We won't win a thing," and Skipper said quietly, clasping her hands over her knees and looking at the ceiling, "Now . . . I don't know . . . but I wonder if winning is the important thing . . ."

That brought us down to earth and we became practical. We had tossed out about a dozen ways of making money when my best friend Cy, who is a brain and currently living Bartlett's "Quotations," chirped in my ear, "Necessity is the mother of invention," and I got what she meant right away.

"Let's forget about raising money and see what we can do with just plain ingenuity," I said. "I'm pretty sure my dad will let us borrow one of the trucks he uses for hauling oranges, so we can start with that." We tossed the idea around for a while, and I got not only a vote of confidence but the chairmanship of the float committee. I looked up at Skipper, expecting the wink we usually get when she's pleased at how we have worked out a problem, but she was staring out of the window at a plump, very pink azalea bush that was just bursting

In jeans and striped shirt I went to the docks to see Hock



with blooms and not seeing it at all. When I went up to her and said, "Skipper?" she jumped. In a split second she answered, "Hey," sort of lazily, in her usual calm way. Maybe no one else would have thought this odd, but I want to be an author someday and a writer has to train herself to be on the lookout for fine shades of emotion.

Skipper worried me.

"Now, Peg," Cy told me on the way home. "Don't let your imagination run wild. Remember curiosity killed the cat." My sister Eve, who teaches chemistry at our high school and goes around with Skip-

located on the channel that separates the mainland from the barrier island that lies beyond, sheltering our town from the open sea. It is here that charter boats tie up and wait for tourists who want real fishing, deep-sea style.

The minute I hit the docks something happens to my walk. Hock says I get real sailor's roll, but I think it's more like wings on my heels. There's the feel of the sea here and the delicious medley of smells that goes with ships from skiffs to schooners—ropes wet with sea water, canvas salted by the spray, tar, and paint and a dozen different spicy flavors of polish for shining brass. (You see why I want to write about the sea?)

I spotted the *Star o' the Sea* tied up in its usual place and saw Hock polishing the brass, which was usual, too, anytime after he's through his day's work of piloting a deep-sea fishing cruiser. He waved the polishing rag at me.

"Hi, Peg."

Hock used to say "Hi, punkin," but since I've turned fourteen he doesn't call me "punkin" any more, which shows he's a man of sensibilities. Hock talks to me as if there weren't twelve years dif-



Illustrations by Stephanie

per a lot, said the same thing—only in different words. "Mind your own business, chicken," she said bluntly, and went on laying out the knives and forks for dinner.

"If you won't tell me, I'll go down and ask Hock. He and Skipper are practically engaged. He ought to know."

Eve threw down the knives and forks so hard they skittered across the cloth. She put both hands on the table and leaned across it to glare at me. "Peg Parmalee, you do and I'll have your head."

"Oh?" I said softly. My thoughts began to scamper around like a kitten after catnip. "Oh, ho!" I said again and fairly tiptoed out of the room.

Naturally, right after dinner I put on my jeans and a striped shirt and went down to the docks to see Hock. The docks are

ference in our ages, and I guess I know as much as anyone about his dream of owning his own fleet of charter boats some day. But even knowing Hock as I do, I just stood on the dock, not dreaming of boarding the boat without an invitation, for Hock just isn't a sane man about the *Star*. Granted she won almost every important cup in palmier days when she belonged to a millionaire. And she's still about the sweetest racing yacht in Florida waters. When Hock bought her, with every red cent of his saved-up Navy pay, she was rusted and weary, but he put her in shape with loving care. No one but Hock has ever swabbed her deck or mended her sail or touched her wheel.

"Climb aboard," Hock called to me now. "Long time no see. Where you been?"

"Around," I said airily. I walked carefully across the spotless deck searching Hock's face for signs of suffering. He seemed the same, good-looking in a rugged, sea-and-sand way. "Mostly I've been worrying about an idea for the Orange Day parade. How about you?"

Hock shrugged and went on polishing. "Same old grind."

I parked myself on a coil of rope, careful not to disarrange so much as a strand. I thought for a minute, phrasing my thoughts judiciously.

"Making a float on zero money is no cinch, but we'll come through for Skipper's sake," I said in a deliberately chatty manner. "You know what the troop thinks of Skipper?"

Jackpot! Hock's face froze over.

"Yeah," he said shortly and gouged so hard at the can of polish he sent it skittering across the deck. I dashed after it, came back and stood holding it in such a way that he had to turn around and look straight at me to get it.

"Hock?" I said softly. "Hock, what's with you and Skipper all of a sudden?"

"Well, I gotta be going," Hock said. He turned and started toward the cabin with me tagging along.

"Darn it, Hock," I panted. "I love you both, and you know it. There's something hanky-panky going on."

He wheeled. I never saw such a symphony of expressions on any face. There was misery and anger and exasperation and regret. He ruffled my hair and said "Peg" in a tough-tender tone as if to explain that this confusion of emotion was not

Mariner troop spirit +

sea chanteys and a boat can—

directed at me. Then all those expressions exploded and he shouted at me, "Women! What makes them think they understand about boats!"

The next thing I knew he'd ducked inside the cabin, and there I was cooling my heels outside the door. I dragged home and mooned around and finally went upstairs to try to needle information out of my sister Eve. It wouldn't be easy in view of Eve's code about keeping confidences confidential. She was doing her nails, so I flopped down on the bed behind her and sighed. After a silent time I said, "Too bad about Skipper and Hock."

Eve whipped around. "So you got it out of him!"

I didn't contradict her. I just lay there holding my breath in the hope she'd go on. She painted her pinkie nail a frightful red and presently she said, "Well, in all fairness you should know the other side of the story. Skipper's upset because Hock won't let her sail his boat."

I sat up, thunder-struck. "Is that all?"

romantic Girl Scout story

My gosh, what's so awful about that? Nobody sails Hock's boat but Hock."

Eve explained in her best schoolteacher voice. "That's merely a symbol of something deeper. It's his basic attitude that is wrong. Skipper has a feeling that Hock thinks more of his boat than he does of her."

"Bilge water!" I said indignantly. Eve gave me a "When you're older you'll understand" look, and I tore off to put my writer's mind on the problem.

Although I haven't yet experienced the great emotion, I've been trying to learn about love by quietly observing others. I know it can make perfectly delightful people act witless from time to time. Mulling it over, I got a glimmering of what Eve meant about a triviality being a symbol of something deeper, and I could see how a silliness could get out of hand and build up into an important quarrel. If Hock could only understand that Skipper couldn't help but get the idea she was playing second fiddle to a boat, and if Hock weren't so all-fired stubborn and if . . . Circles that went round and round were all I got, so I went out to the grove behind the house and began to concentrate on a design for the float. Suddenly I got the most stupendous idea.

"Scrap most of the current plans for the parade," I told Cy over the phone. "I'm going to telephone Bonnie and ask if she'll call an emergency troop meeting. My house. Eight sharp. But it's to be a complete surprise for Skipper, hear?"

Bonnie said, (Continued on page 55)



"THIRTY-FORTY!" The referee's voice sang out cheerfully across the tennis courts.

Phyllis Hall wiped the perspiration from her eyes with the back of her hand and nervously toed the line to serve again. The decisive point—and the decisive game! If she lost this, she lost the match. Dad, sitting on the side lines, would be holding his breath, silently urging her on.

She flexed her arms, trying to relax. "Pretend you're playing the 'Moonlight Sonata,'" she whispered to herself. But the old relaxing trick didn't work very well this time. She was still tense as she tossed the ball up and drove the racket down, trying for an ace.

It was in: a fast, spinning serve that should have won her the point. But miraculously Edna, her opponent, scooped it up on her racket and sent it back—low. The ball skidded on the top of the net, balanced for one sickening second, and then dribbled down into Phyllis' court, impossible to return.

"Game! Set! Match!" yelled the referee above the roar of the spectators. "Winner of the singles—Edna Bentley!"

Phyllis mopped her heat-flushed face and walked quickly to the net to congratulate Edna.

"Sorry you lost, Phyll" Edna grinned sympathetically. "You almost had me in the middle of the set."

Phyllis shook her head. For a minute she was tempted to blurt out what she was thinking: *I'm not sorry I lost—though I did my best to beat you!* The only reason I keep on playing tennis is because it means so much to my dad. But she didn't say it, of course. Edna would have been horrified!

Instead she answered lightly, "No, you're getting too good for me, Ed. See you later! I have to find Dad."

She started toward the side lines reluctantly, but after a moment she saw her father standing against the wire fence talking to Coach Hendricks, and she went on to the gym without waiting. She didn't want any part of the post-mortem they would be holding—not yet. She would have enough of it later, at home.

What a pity, she thought, as she stripped out of her wet clothes, that Dad couldn't have had Edna for a daughter—somebody who ate, slept, and lived tennis, as he did. Or what a pity that she herself couldn't have been different.

Everybody else had forgotten by now that her father, Wesley Hall, had been former State tennis champion, on his way to the national tournaments when war broke out. But Wesley Hall hadn't forgotten, and neither had Phyllis.

He had come back from the war with a limp in his left leg, but with his enthusiasm for tennis unquenched. Since he could no longer play, he had transferred all his tennis hopes to his daughter and right then he had begun to coach her. At first it had been only fun. Then later, after her mother's sudden death, she and her father had both thrown themselves into it—trying to forget.

But as she grew older, Phyllis gradually realized that her consuming interest was not tennis at all, but music. She loved the piano the way her father loved tennis, and neither her affection for him nor all his eager plans for her could change that fact. She yearned to be a concert pianist.

It was strange, she thought as she dressed after her hot shower, because neither of her parents had been at all musical. Her mother had started her on the piano because all the other girls in the neighborhood took lessons, and Dad had thought it a nice accomplishment for her to be able to play "pretty little pieces" for company.

She had liked it better than tennis from the very beginning, but she had never told her father that. In those earlier years there had seemed to be time enough for both things, and she had discreetly divided her energy between the two. But now, her junior year in high school, with homework heavier and the apartment to take care of, it was all getting to be too much. She couldn't go on like this. Something had to be done—but what?

Begging off from Edna's invitation to the Sweet Shoppe, Phyllis walked home alone, her thoughts sober. Being the family

**Because love scored high in her decision
Phyllis was torn between tennis and music**



"Pretend you're playing the 'Moonlight Sonata,'" she told herself

Champion Daughter

by DOROTHY WITTON

Illustration by Kurt Ard



housekeeper was time-consuming, even with the help of a little neighbor girl. But Phyllis usually made short work of cooking. Dinner was ready when her father came home.

"I'm sorry I played such a rotten game this afternoon, Dad," she greeted him quietly, searching his face. Yes, it was there—the bitter disappointment—though he was doing his best to hide it. His voice was a little too hearty when he spoke.

"Can't win every time," he said philosophically. "Edna played a brilliant game today, although actually she doesn't know half as much tennis as you do, Philly-Anne!" His face was puzzled for a moment. "Even though I saw it with my own eyes, I can't quite understand how she pulled that last set out of the hat."

But I understand, Phyllis thought, as she served the pork chops and mashed potatoes. It's because she has the temperament—the competitive spirit or whatever you want to call it—that really counts in pulling sets out of hats. And that's what I lack!

She didn't say it aloud. Dad was off again, telling her where her game had gone sour and suggesting ways to remedy the trouble. He talked tennis straight through dinner and afterward, while he helped her with the dishes. He even illustrated his comments, using the long-handled frying pan for a racket. He looked so funny and so serious that Phyllis would have laughed if she hadn't felt like crying, too. Tennis, even with a frying pan, was much too sacred a thing to Dad for anybody to laugh about it!

"A little more work on your net game and a little more strategy," he finished confidently. "Next time you can take Edna, easy."

Next time . . .

The words were still echoing in her ears the next afternoon while she played Liszt's "Liebestraum" for Miss Elizabeth

during her weekly music lesson. Miss Elizabeth lived for music as much as Wesley Hall lived for tennis—only Phyllis could understand Miss Elizabeth's passion better because she herself shared it.

As the last notes of the "Liebestraum" died away there was an ominous silence, and then Miss Elizabeth tapped her pencil on the music rack.

"That was poor, Phyllis," she said at last, "and you *know* it was poor, don't you? In the first place, you have not been practicing—that is very evident. And in the second place, your mind was not on the 'Liebestraum' at all. Where was it?"

"There was a tennis tournament yesterday—that's why I haven't practiced as much as usual," Phyllis said meekly, skipping the last question.

"Tennis!" Miss Elizabeth's voice held as much scorn as could be contained in one word. Then she went on more quietly, "Look, Phyllis, you have talent for the piano—real talent. You could be a fine pianist, eventually, *if you concentrate on music*. But you can't go on scattering your attention and energy over three or four different things. You will have to choose. You are—or were, at least—my star pupil. I hoped for a scholarship for you at the Conservatory so that you could go on to great things. Now I don't know—"

She paused and Phyllis waited. There was a bitter taste in her mouth, and her heart was hammering so hard she could not have spoken, even if there had been anything to say.

"The recital is three weeks from Saturday," Miss Elizabeth finished flatly. "You should practice at least three hours a day between now and then. If you give a performance such as you have given me this afternoon, I shall be greatly disappointed. That's all for today."

Phyllis sat on at the piano after Miss Elizabeth had gone, staring at the pattern of black and (Continued on page 58)

Music is Her Magic

When a girl

by LAURA VITRAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN LISCHE

WHEN GLORIA STRASSNER was ten, her dad said, "What we need in this family is a third instrument. Suppose you try the cello."

Gloria at first demurred. Of course she had been playing the piano since she was able to climb on the stool and use her tiny fingers to poke at the keys. When your dad is first violinist with the New York Philharmonic and your mom is a concert pianist, you absorb music along with the predigested breakfast food. But the cello? How could a little girl of ten get behind that deep-voiced elephant and make anything but grunts and jungle catcalls emerge from its strings?

There was another consideration that ran through Gloria's mind. The piano—for her—was easy as breathing. She couldn't imagine why some kids thought it was work. But this new monster was going to need taming, perhaps many hours a day. And—maybe some readers will understand this prejudice—Gloria hated practicing.

All the same, the cello came into the household, and a teacher appeared, twice a week, to initiate her into the mysteries of bowing and fingering. A nasty business, too, with the strings making your delicate fingers sore, and the unexpected discords grating on your musical nerves. During the next few years, Gloria sometimes gave way to tears. She pictured herself as a young princess, doomed to hug a monster to her heart by a tyrannical king.

"But, Gloria," the king was wont to say, "when I was a boy I practiced the violin eight hours a day—and thought I was lucky!"

"And I," Mom would add, "why, all through grammar school, I ran home afternoons to get to my piano. I remember how excited I was when they asked me to play in the school auditorium—and then when I was accepted at the Institute of Musical Art." (Today the old Institute has changed its name to the Juilliard School of Music.)

"Perhaps there was nothing else to do—in *Civil War days!*" Gloria would retort. The family lived in an apartment looking out on Riverside Drive. There were tennis courts in the park along the river—and she liked to play tennis. She loved to sew, too, and frequently concocted her own designs for playsuits and dresses out of a few yards of attractive material she had picked up in the neighborhood department store. If she'd been born in a sensible family that didn't care so much about music she'd have been a dress designer, Gloria thought.

One fine day in her teens she saw a chance to get back at the king for all his cruelty. It was an evening party, with grownups and kids there, and a little home harmonizing, of course. Presently they played a game of forfeits. When Dad lost and was sent from the room while his penalty was devised, she persuaded



and a cello get together, wonderful things often happen!

the others to go along with her in a real torture punishment. He was recalled, and she announced to him: "You're to play the violin upside down—with the bow in your left hand!"

It was Dad's turn to beg and plead, but there was no commuting the sentence. At last, in laughter but almost in tears, he got the violin and tried. Presently, wonder of wonders, a little tune squeaked out of the thing. You'd have thought he was an upside-down virtuoso—the way his face beamed. The incident has given him an advantage over Gloria ever since. "You'd better practice!" he'll say. "After all, you can't yet play the cello upside down!"

That is true—but she does very well on the cello these days. Still not quite twenty, she delighted audiences last winter as first cellist with the Baltimore Symphony orchestra. Critics came to hear marveled that this slight, young, curly-haired redhead could work such magic on that instrument which is almost as big as herself. They called her the "female Piatigorsky."

But Gloria shakes her head. "I ought to practice more," she admits. "I ought to spend four or five hours a day at the cello, and I seldom practice more than three. I love the cello and I love to play it, but I still have to make myself stick to the exercises that develop technique. Dad will tell you I'm not a master of the cello yet, and he's right. Do you want to know what I am a master at?—stuffed peppers!" She laughs at that. With a two-room apartment in a private house in Baltimore, she's been practicing up on the arts of domesticity and some of Mom's recipes. But when Mom gave her a big copper kettle, she planted a geranium in it.

Since those early struggles with the cello much has happened, of course. At eleven, even though she hated to practice, she had made enough headway to win a scholarship to Juilliard, where she studied music while she also attended the Professional School, for children who are preparing careers in the arts. The hours at this school are from ten in the morning to two in the afternoon, so that the pupils may have time for their other activities. Besides her music, Gloria was an active Girl Scout for several years. Her interest in cooking, sewing, and nature date from that time.

At fourteen Gloria was studying with Leonard Rose at Juilliard, and also privately, and at sixteen was assisting him with his private pupils while he was on concert tour. She also coached with the late Felix Salmond. These two famous American cellists opened the door for her to a wonderland to which, with work, she might possess the key. Rose, particularly, inspired her with his playing and his teaching. Under his guidance she began to work in earnest at a repertoire of the classics and the great modern composers, too: the Dvorak "Concerto," the Boccherini "Concerto," the Saint-Saens "Concerto," and numerous shorter pieces. She dreamed of emulating the great performers. She saw her cello with new eyes—a monster hiding a sleeping beauty waiting to be released.

Not that the rebel in Gloria ever quite subsided. When she was fifteen she rushed to a neighbor who was a newspaper reporter to announce that she was giving up music forever to become a writer.

"Well, go home and write something!" the neighbor ordered.

Gloria did. It was all about music. That settled it, even for her. And then there was the jazz fever. "I still like jazz," she assures you. "Good jazz, that is. Yes, I like Dixieland."



Gloria's musical studies made her a traveler while she was still in her teens. During the summers of 1948 and 1949, she had scholarship grants for work under the direction of the American composer Roy Harris, who conducted a music festival the first year at Colorado Springs, the second at Logan, Utah.

When she graduated from Juilliard, she decided that the next step was study in Europe. She hoped that the Institute of International Education in New York, which administers the Fulbright scholarships for young people studying abroad in many fields, would grant her one of them.

For the Fulbright you are required to write an essay, revealing not only why you wish to study abroad and what you hope to gain from it, but also why you think you would make a "good-will ambassador" of the United States. Gloria toiled for some weeks on that bit of literature—only to hear from the judges that they thought she was still pretty young. They put her down as an alternate, in case one of the winners dropped out, but advised her to wait another year.

That was June, 1950. Gloria wiped away the tears when she heard the verdict. Then, a week later, a wonderful thing happened. The Leventritt Foundation, which presents young musicians at Town Hall and otherwise encourages those with outstanding talent, notified her it was giving her a summer scholarship to attend the Pablo Casals annual festival in Perpignan, in southern France. Casals, a Spaniard, is probably the world's greatest living cellist, and people come from all parts of the world to hear him play and conduct a chamber orchestra. Gloria would have nothing to do but just listen.

Gloria shopped and packed excitedly, and sailed for France just a couple of weeks ahead of her parents, who were off to Edinburgh, Scotland, where the New York Philharmonic was playing an engagement. Later she would rejoin them in London. But first, and very important, she would see Paris—all by herself.

The Casals festival was a revelation. In Paris there were other wonders—enough to make a young girl's head whirl. Then, at the station, ten minutes before the boat train, on her way to London, our little redhead discovered that her pocket-book was gone—with her passport, (Continued on page 59)



by JUNE HALL MILLS

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL TIMMONS

"Take it easy, fella, take it easy," Lissa murmured under her breath, as she watched the two men trying to load the big gelding into the trailer. The horse would not be forced up the ramp. Bright-bay had glistening with sweat, he was fighting inch by inexorable inch. Foam flecked his mouth and his eyes rolled in desperation. Suddenly panic-stricken, he reared, striking wildly with his front hoofs.

Caught off guard, the bull-necked handler cursed. His wizened partner mumbled, "Fella's acts plum loco."

Fear, like the brush of a hawk's wing, shadowed Lissa's face. What if they hurt her horse? What if they hurt Sundance? He reared back to her. He had taken the place of all those foolish trifles dear to the heart of every girl—bright scarves, shimmering green jangling charm bracelets—in the shop windows of the town. Lissa had not yearned for these, the unattainable.

Fifteen, freckled and wind-blown, she had known contentment. Riding Sundance, the world was hers. Hers the bitter taste of alkali dust and the harsh glitter of sun on a parched land; a fleeting glimpse of a wildcat, green eyes eloquent with hate; the lonely, stirring cry of coyotes; the blessed smell of rain, foretelling the brief glory of rose and ivory cactus blooming in careless rapture; the pungent tang of pine needles, chewed in contemplation; and the sweet, sad cooing of mourning doves.

Lissa, heeding each whisper of wind among the jack pines, sensing every mood of the Montana foothills, loved the bleak land as only the young can love. Not until this day of the auction had she really been aware of another world beyond the boundaries of sagging fence posts. Now, conscious of her faded jeans and scuffed boots, she stood to one side of the crowd, watching every move of the handlers and each response of her horse.

Sundance, companion and guide, knew every turn in the trail from Bull Mountain to Pompey's Pillar; knew the bone-breaking treachery of prairie-dog holes, the sudden danger of a coiled rattler, the deceptive drop off of winding coulees.

But now there would be no more long rides for Lissa. Jeb Owen, her father, convinced at last that this land should never have known the sharp thrust of a plow, was selling the old homestead to a big sheep company. Dry-land farming had become too uncertain. The Owens were

moving to town. Jamie could take his dog; the twins, their dolls; Fay would have her hen. But—who knew more surely than Lissa herself?—there would be no place for Sundance.

"How can you stand it?" cried Fay, impulsively linking her arm through Lissa's. "I'd grab Sundance and head for the rims and just let 'em try to find us!"

"You know Pa feels bad enough about selling him."

"All the same, it makes me so blamed mad! And another thing: Why can't you be nice to Ted Matlock? He's been helping move furniture all morning, and twice I saw him go out of his way to talk to you."

"Well, I . . ."

"You barely said enough to be polite. Don't you like him anymore? I wish I were fourteen. I wouldn't snub him."

Lissa sighed but she could not explain. She did not know herself why she was avoiding Ted. He had come from town every summer to visit at the neighboring ranch which belonged to his uncle. In previous years, they had shared lunches, explored trails, and laughed together at their extravagant dreams of the future. This summer for the first time Lissa was aware of Ted's casual, polished assurance and his well-cut clothes, compared to her own stumbling poise, shabby jeans, and made-over shirts.

Maybe it was a part of growing up, this strange shyness and confusion. Only this morning Ted had told her, "Don't feel too bad about Sundance, Lis; I've been wanting—"

"It's all right," she had mumbled, turning away, suddenly ashamed to let him see the depth of her feeling.

Now a frightened snort brought her full attention back to Sundance. He had lunged at the handlers, and now stood trembling.

"Mebbe if we roped him and got another horse alongside to drag him in," suggested the small man.

"I'll lambast him to raw meat first!" exploded the other in sudden vehemence, his eyes on a rusty length of chain lying in the dust.

Lissa thrust Fay aside and snatched the chain. Lips parted, eyes flashing, she warned, "Don't you dare touch my horse!"

There was a long moment of quivering silence, then—"Well, well, a she-wildcat," roared the big wrangler, anger dissolving into mirth, "or a pint-sized mountain lion."

The crowd burst into hearty laughter. Embarrassed but adamant, Lissa faced the men.



How could Lissa part with the one thing
that brought joy into her bleak life?

"All right, boys," called a deep, clear voice, "let the horse stand!" Brad Matlock, Ted's uncle, came up to Lissa. "My apologies, Miss Owen. But since I made the highest bid, Sundance is my property."

Lissa looked up at him, starched white shirt, gleaming black boots, face as impassive as stone. "I . . . I reckon he does belong to you now, sir," she admitted in a low voice, "but I would like to make a bargain—I mean, a deal."

"A deal? But I have the bill of sale."

"Not about buying him back. Not about money," she hurried to explain. "Fay, go get Pa!"

Jeb Owen came quickly, his hands still grease-stained from the repair job he had done on the truck. With gentle reproach, he asked, "What's this, Lissa, about you making a deal?"

"Please, Pa. I want to load Sundance into that trailer."

"But Mr. Matlock has his own men—"

"Huh!" snorted Fay. "Those twol"

"I can't bear the way they handle Sundance," Lissa pleaded.

"Lis, do you remember when that pinto broke Mark Hall's leg, trying to kick a way out of the corral chute?"

Lissa nodded.

"Don't you savvy . . ." He paused, made the mistake of glancing at her stricken face and capitulated. "Maybe I'm all kinds of a fool, Mr. Matlock, but I would be much obliged if you would give my daughter a chance to see what she can do."

Brad Matlock nodded. "Miss Owen, the arena is yours."

Lissa gave her father a quick hug, then hurried to the creek for a pail of water and stopped at the barn for a currycomb.

Overhead a hawk hung anchored in the sky. The atmosphere had grown tense and heavy. Even the crowd was subdued. In spite of herself, Lissa looked for Ted and was surprised by her relief at seeing him close to the trailer.

She went up to the lathered horse and spoke to him quietly, permitted him a nuzzling of water. Then she began to curry him, talking to him soothingly in a low voice. The gelding flicked his ears with interest. Untying the halter, she swung herself up on his back, caressing him with her voice, daring to touch his flanks.

Then she urged him forward. He placed one foot upon the ramp. Lissa felt his tremor of fear. Dismounting, she rubbed his leg, smoothed his flank, murmuring gently.

Again and again, she started the horse

forward. Many times he faltered. But at last the weary animal stood in the trailer. Lissa slipped out and was locking the end gate when Sundance whinnied, arching his neck to look for her.

She fumbled for the latch through a blur of tears. Then a steady hand guided her trembling fingers, and the gate clicked with finality. She looked up to see Ted beside her.

She heard the long sigh of relief that came from the crowd, Fay's squeal of delight, her father's proud, "Best horse wrangler in Yellowstone County!"

All at once, Lissa was very tired. As she picked up the pail and the currycomb, she felt a hand on her shoulder and, half expecting it to be Ted, was surprised to see Brad Matlock.

"I've seen a lot of horsemen, child," he said, "but only a few with the true understanding of horseflesh. You have the gift. Never forget it."

A look of understanding passed between them. "I'll remember, sir," Lissa said.

"Sundance and his owner will welcome you to the ranch as often as you can come," Brad Matlock said. His eyes were twinkling, as he turned away.

Ted reached for the pail and currycomb. "There's something I've been trying to tell you," he said. "Uncle Brad didn't buy Sundance for himself. He's giving him to me. Says I can work for him summertimes, fixing fences, hunting strays, things like that. You don't have to worry, Lis; I'll take good care of your horse for you."

It was a moment before Lissa was able to speak. What a fool she had been to worry about her clothes, her lack of sophistication. What did such things matter between friends? She faced Ted squarely. "I've been all mixed up, Ted," she said. "I got to thinking . . . you know, I never did care about fancy clothes and it didn't matter, out here in the hills. But in town the girls are so smooth and dress so well. I don't know anyone from town, except you. I was afraid you might be sort of . . . ashamed of me."

"Lis, are you ever nuts!" He burst out in evident relief. "I didn't know what was wrong—the upstage way you were treating me. You heard what Uncle Brad said about Sundance and his owner wanting you to visit the ranch. If your folks will have me, I can ride down once in a while week ends. You can visit with Sundance, and I can show you around town."

Heedless of the crowd, they walked slowly back to the barn. Lissa thought she had never seen the sky so blue. THE END



*Playing Santa Claus
is great fun—provided you start early
making the gifts that will bring joy
to friends and relatives
when the happy day comes*

Midsummer Christmas



Your chum's pooch will prance with doggish pride in this gay collar of green and red felt—jingle-bell and holly trimmed

Pinking shears and a quick sew and presto!—this pair of ducky slippers. Of felt, in assorted colors, they'll please everyone

When the pot is hot, Mom's hand will reach for the bright bird or daisy holder you crocheted—your Merry Christmas

Lacy loveliness, plus warmth!—The girl who has the good luck to receive this charming scarf will bless her "Santa!"



Butterfly belt, don't fly away! The wings are of bright felt ever so gay!—the elasticized back will guarantee a sure-fit



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Lovely You

by GLYNNE

Youthful allure is a package made of inner health and outer perfection

IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY. There are two packages awaiting you. One has lovely soft pink wrapping and is tied with a bow of blue-and-silver ribbon. The other has come a long way by mail. The brown-paper covering it is dirty and torn, and part of the string is untied and trailing. Which of these gifts will you open first? The one that is most appealing? Perhaps. And yet you may be wrong. The really wonderful gift may be hidden in the ugly wrapping.

It's something like that with young girls—with *you*, as an important gift to the world. You may have a lot to offer, but people will tend to judge you by your wrapping.

A bad complexion? Well, that *is* too bad! Just imagine Venus with a blotchy skin. Think of a queen, wise and beautiful, with blackheads. No, it won't do. Appearances do count. Your skin is one of the great factors in your youthful allure.

Cheeks that are dewy-fresh have a vitality, a sparkle that even the most expensive cosmetic product cannot imitate. At your age your skin should glow. If it doesn't—it can. Whatever the skin irregularity, it can be tremendously im-

proved with proper treatment and your co-operation. Now, while you are young, is the time to safeguard the texture of your skin. You may or may not have a skin problem. Many young girls do have a skin that is too dry, too oily, oversensitive—or spotted with dreaded blackheads. No matter; the basic beauty prescription is identical. It consists of wholesome diet, sufficient sleep, plenty of exercise and fresh air, and spanking cleanliness.

This fourfold treatment is unbeatable. It can produce the most amazing results in as little as one short month. The right creams can help, too, but at this stage the best way to think of creams and lotions is as a trimming or garnish for the main dish. In ten years or so they will probably play a larger role for you, but, well . . . ten years is still a long way off. For now, let's stick to basic skin care.

Number one on our prescription is diet. Do you drink that pint of milk daily and eat at least three servings of fresh vegetables? Make your motto: "Balance the meals and easy on the desserts!" Second: Get eight hours of beauty sleep every night. Your body

demands it. And get this straight—eight hours are the *minimum*. Third: Be outdoors a couple of hours every day in good weather; and be it tennis, baseball, swimming, or horseback riding that you go for—go for it in consistent fashion. A last wise word on this. Don't mechanically wait for crowded buses in this lovely weather—try out your legs. See what they'll do for you. The much-raved-over English rose complexion is not merely the result of a humid island climate. It is due largely to the fact that the English girl really "lives" a lot outdoors. Her skin gets its chance to breathe.

Cleanliness—the fourth "must" in the basic beauty quartet—is in our day sheer delight. Great-grandmother's scrub brush and cold water were rugged—but today luxurious pamperings are yours! A daily bath or shower is indispensable. But, what joy to step into a soft, gently-scented tub! Talcum powder is not essential, but it does give a fresh clean feel to the body. After your bath, more suitable than heady perfumes are the toilet waters and light colognes. There are those which look and smell as cool as a garden after a rainstorm, and they can be splashed on all over the skin. Speaking of rain, it is a good idea to place an empty pot outdoors next time the skies open; there is nothing so soft against the skin as rain water. The question to be answered truthfully each time you have finished dressing is: "Is everything about me fresh and clean?" And the answer—a booming affirmative every time.

Now you're ready for the trimmings . . . but caution! (Continued on page 62)



Sonnet 1

First Poetry Award

*Pray stay awhile, O wayward breeze, for I
Would fain the purpose of your flight be
told.*

*I feel your presence when the oak trees
sigh,*

*When, by the sea, the waves you neatly
fold.*

*It's you I feel when all the world is still
At night; you softly touch my curtains
when*

*You send the evening fragrance past to
fill*

*My room; and lo, so soon, you've gone
again.*

*But then, what right have I to still your
flight*

*When those in Europe need your healing
touch,*

*Or seamen, watching wearily at night
Are comforted as at their sails you clutch?*

*And then, when over all the earth you've
been,*

*Pray rest awhile, and tell me what you've
seen.*

BARBARA BRANDT (age 16) Pasadena, California

The Choice

First Fiction Award

The day was hot and dry on the plains of Wyoming. From the main highway forty miles to the north of the lone water hole to the bottomless chasm five miles south of it; from the small town fifty miles to the east to the great Bighorn Mountains twenty miles to the west, stretched a long and dry prairie. The sultry heat of the summer sun sent its rays glaring unmercifully on mesa and valley, plant and animal, canyon and prairie.

Suddenly the sullen stillness of the day was broken as a wild stallion came galloping eastward toward the water hole. His black coat was lathered and wet and his nostrils flared and contracted, taking air and more air to his laboring lungs. He was fully seventeen hands tall, graceful and proud. In spite of his extreme exhaustion he bore himself erect, his head high and his hoofs beating a rapid tattoo on the earth and stirring up dust, making the already sweltering air practically unbearable.

At the water hole he stopped gratefully. For five minutes he stood where he had stopped, catching his breath and cooling off. The straggly aspens which managed somehow to survive on the hot prairie and grew beside the one water hole within a radius of twenty miles afforded bare shade.

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 80 for details

The horse walked wearily into the water up to his knees and thrust his muzzle into it. He drew up the precious, life-giving liquid in long draughts, swallowing slowly. He backed into the shallower water and dropped to his knees. Then he rolled over on his back.

Finally he got up and walked from the water. He shook himself vigorously. His wet coat sparkled as the sun hit the remaining drops of clear water. His coat dried quickly and he dropped his head, hungrily cropping the bunch grass that grew around the water hole.



FIRST ART AWARD:

JOAN CHESTER

(age 14)

Hartford 14, Connecticut

Suddenly he threw up his head. He quivered with anticipation and his nostrils flared. A small cloud of dust appeared on the eastern horizon. The black stallion watched it for a moment. It grew larger and he made out the shapes of six horses and riders. He spun around and galloped southward.

For five miles he ran forward, his muscles straining, his ears flicking back and forth to catch the sound of the pursuing riders. The six riders came on, close at his heels.

He suddenly stopped. A cloud of dust rose up around him as his forehoofs dug into the dry earth. Five feet in front of him lay a huge chasm, fully two hundred feet wide. It dropped down abruptly one, two, three thousand

feet to a bed of jagged rocks and huge glacial boulders.

The big stallion turned slowly to face his enemies. The six had fanned out, forming a semicircle around him. He stood there, a soft breeze stirring his silky mane. His head was high and he viewed them with majestic aloofness. He did not move as they closed their semicircle, trapping their prize after two weeks of steady pursuit. Their lariats were uncoiled and they were ready for the final showing.

They were only fifteen feet from him. Now only ten. Slowly they closed in. Still he did not move. Their lariats were ready. One snaked out, but the stallion dodged and it fell harmlessly to the ground.

The black horse had to make his choice. In front and on all sides of him were his enemies, ready to make him captive and a servant of man. Behind him lay a three thousand foot drop to certain death.

With sudden determination, he reared and loosed one shrill whinny of triumph. He had won! Never would he be captured. He whirled and plunged over the cliff into the chasm. The proud stallion died, but he had made his choice—he was free!

JOANNE ULRICH (age 13) Alexandria, Virginia
(Continued on page 75)



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

MARGARET LEMON

(age 13)

Eugene, Oregon

Carnival Capers

by IDA M. PARDUE

Drawing by Seymour Nydorf

Fun's a-popping, come one, come all,
Tother side of the garden wall—
Beans are coin, tricks are tall!

WITH THE HELP of three or four friends, you can put on this carnival in your own garden or back yard, or even indoors. It is an entirely different kind of party, and you'll find it heaps of fun.

Instead of the usual invitation, send out miniature carnival posters. For each one, just copy this information on a plain sheet of paper:

COME ONE! COME ALL!

SALLY BROWN'S (substitute your name) **CARNIVAL!**

Opening Night—7:30 P.M. (date)

Win a prize! Games of Chance!
Pink lemonade! Popcorn!

As each guest arrives, give him twenty "carnival coins"—dried beans. With these, the guest may play any of the various games.

Run your carnival in true carnival style—with several games going at once. You can do this easily with three helpers. Each helper needs a good supply of carnival coins.

Here are four "concessions" which can be going on at the same time.

Weight-Guessing Game: All you need is a bathroom scale and a corner of the yard. The concessionaire wins one bean if he guesses a player's weight within one pound, either way. If the concessionaire misses a guess, he must pay the player.

Prize Pitch: This can be set up on a small table. Push a toothpick into the center of a number of inexpensive prizes—sticks of chewing gum, marshmallows, prunes, gumdrops, etc. Have, also, one or two bigger prizes—five-cent candy bars or full packages of gum. Arrange these along one end of the table. Supply three Mason-jar rings. Players pay one bean for a chance to toss the three rings, winning any prize they manage to circle, plus two beans.

Fortune-Seller: The fortune-seller offers magic fortunes, which you have prepared ahead of time, at one bean apiece. The fortunes are written on small slips of paper in lemon juice. In order to read them the fortune-seller holds the paper over heat, and the words appear. A hot light bulb will do this trick.

Here are some fortunes to start you off:

Such luck as yours is truly rare;
You will be a millionaire!

As the drummer of a band,
You'll be famous in the land.

You have cause for much elation
You will own a TV station.

Famous for your family—
Your children will number thirty-three.

(Continued on page 57)



Wherever Jill ran, Katie loomed in front of her, menacing as an ogre

GOAL

by AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

Illustration by Clyde Ross



PART TWO

JILL INTRODUCED Dave to her family that Saturday night. Mother first, of course, and then Dad who got up slowly and leaning one hand on his desk held out the other to Dave. Dad studied the boy, going back of the candid brown eyes, sensitive mouth, and strong chin to discern what this new friend of Jill's was really like.

Then Dad's face broke into one of his rare smiles, and he said, "I've heard you're going to be one of my clients someday, Dave."

Throughout dinner, Dave and Dad talked shop, and it was Dad, who, cane in hand, saw Dave to the door while Jill stood in the background.

That was the beginning. The next day Mother complained about the hot water.

"We're getting too much too fast. And plumbers are so expensive. I mentioned it to Dave last night, and he said he'd see if he could regulate it in the basement."

Jill interrupted quickly. "We can't ask Dave to do a thing like that!"

"Why can't we?" Dad spoke up. "He impresses me as the kind of boy who likes to do things for people."

For Jill

THE STORY SO FAR

Jill MacCrombie, hockey star from Westmorland, fashionable school for girls, was asked to assist in coaching the hockey teams at New Sharon, the small-town high school to which she had to transfer because of a change in family finances. This brought her into conflict with Chris Robinson, who up to then had been the undisputed New Sharon sports star. Chris was openly hostile and deliberately un-cooperative on the hockey field. Bo Skinner—handsome, egotistical football star—arrogantly tried to date Jill, failed, apologized, and continued to pursue her. Dave Gifford, known as "Edison" because of his barn workshop, won Jill's gratitude by repairing "Stinky," her beloved old car and then annoyed her with unasked advice on how to get along with Chris. But in spite of that, Jill invited Dave to dinner to meet her father who, before his illness had been a celebrated patent lawyer.

from the way the MacCrombie family used to behave.

Dave dropped in often that next week. He fixed the lock on the back storm door. He brought over a plane and shaved the bottom of the front door so it wouldn't stick. He put new washers in the kitchen and bathroom faucets and mended the hazardous step on the back stoop.

Several times Dad offered to pay him but Dave waved the offer aside. "Just give me credit on future legal advice," he said with a laugh.

Jill watched the friendship that was growing between her father and Dave. Dad always came out of his study when Dave was at the house, hovering around, handing him tools, admiring his work. Sometimes he would call from his study, "Say, Dave, here's something new in airplane motors. Come on in and have a look at this pamphlet."

Late one afternoon, Jill walked with Dave to his car, and they stood a moment in the soft autumn air. Dave asked if there had been any further developments between her and Chris.

"Things are about the same. Sometimes I wish Mrs. Sargent would excuse me from my promise to help coach. Chris hates me for it."

"I don't think she hates you for just that, Jill."

"What do you mean?"

"It must seem to Chris that you have everything."

"Everything?"

"You're pleasant and smart and you have nice clothes. You're good in sports and you're just about the prettiest girl I know."

Without waiting for an answer, he jumped into his car. Jill watched him disappear up the road. She couldn't help smiling. *Quaint*. That was the word for Dave. It seemed a ridiculous word for such a live-wire boy, but it really suited him perfectly. Imagine a boy making a speech like that!

The next Friday at Westbrook the New Sharon hockey team played its first game of the season away from home. Nan Sherwood cautioned Jill about it in advance.

"Watch out for Katie Decker," she told her. "She's the daughter of Marge Decker, who played club hockey and toured England with the American national team."

"Why, I've heard of Marge Decker!" Jill exclaimed. "She was a marvelous player."

"And Marge taught Katie everything she knew. So watch out."

The trip to Westbrook on their chartered bus was a noisy one. Talking loudly and bursting into fits of noisy laughter, Chris filled the bus with her personality. Jill sat quietly with Nan. She didn't enjoy this boisterous kind of fun. It did not fit in with the steady nerves they would need in the game ahead of them. Just outside of Westbrook, a persistent honking brought all the girls to the windows of the bus.

"It's the football team," Nan whispered to Jill. "The varsity always follows us to the first hockey game away from home. And after the game the boys ask the girls on the hockey team to the Harvest Dance."

Jill knew about that. The Harvest Dance was one of the important New Sharon traditions. Every girl on the hockey team was escorted by a boy on the varsity football team. It had been the talk of the school all week.

When they arrived at the Westbrook field, Jill became acquainted with another New Sharon tradition. The boys yanked off their jerseys and pulled them over the heads of the girls they chose to wear them. Jill was "sweatered" by Jock Pearson, varsity quarterback, who just managed to elbow out Bo Skinner. Bo stopped, shrugged off his disappointment, and turned toward Chris. Chris did not miss the incident. Her face clouded, but she let Bo pull his sweater over her head.

The atmosphere of the game was as highly charged as the bus ride. Jill had played before large groups, but she had never faced the roaring, laughing, razzing crowd of a public high school. She found herself self-conscious and awkward. Her hands were all thumbs and twice during the warm up, she hit the ball so hard and so badly that her stick flew out of her hand.

The game began and Jill, from years of training, went through the motions of playing. She won the bully and sent the ball across the field to Nan who dribbled toward the Westbrook goal. It seemed too easy, too pat. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, appeared a giant of a girl. Her stick cracked on the ball and sent it halfway down the field to a waiting back on the Westbrook team. Jill, her legs flying, ran toward the ball but she never reached it. The girl was on top of her, marking her so she could not get away.

Where is Chris? Jill thought. Why isn't she backing me up?

Chris captured the ball and Jill waited for a pass, but Chris sent the ball flying across the field to Nan. It was bad strategy. Nan did her best to send the ball back to Jill but there was that huge center halfback marking Jill again. The ball zigzagged down the field and went through the New Sharon goal for a score against Jill's team.

So this was Katie Decker. She was a big girl, and she stood in the backfield like a heroic statue. Her reddish hair was pulled tightly back and hung in a pony tail. She was all powerful, trained arms and legs that could do anything she wanted them to do.

She's a top hockey player, Jill thought. But there was no time to admire Katie Decker. The game was on and Jill had to give everything she had to stay with it. Wherever she ran, Katie was there ahead of her. Jill pulled every trick out of her bag. She (Continued on page 49)



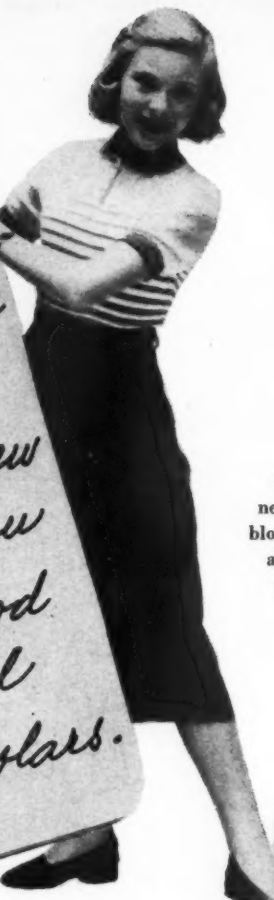
Fifteen minutes later Dave was down in the cellar fussing around the hot-water heater. He adjusted the regulator and showed Dad how to do it himself. Then he washed up in their kitchen while Mother set out a glass of milk and some cookies for him. Dad sat in the breakfast nook with him while Mother kept filling up his glass, and Jill almost laughed out loud because this was so very different

Do make it a rule
to 'dress' for school.
Be it town or
big city, you'll be
smart and so
pretty. These new
styles save you
dollars — good
news for all
tiptop scholars.

Notes

Subteen sizes 8-14 at

Lines for a pretty girl are trim and neat in Grand Knitting's cotton-knit sweater-blouse. Navy, rose-pink, aqua—all on white; about \$3. Derby's straight-line, wool-tweed skirt has leather-edged pockets and belt. Gray, brown, blue, red; about \$6



Teacher's favorite, left, wears a striped cotton-surah dress by Rainbow that looks and feels like silk. Belt, tiny Peter Pan collar, and notched cuffs are of velveteen. Blue, green, and red, with black stripes; about \$11

This storybook dress by Dell Tween has slim bodice and full skirt of Fuller's Permanette crease-resistant cotton. White piqué bib-front frames a pretty face. Red, blue, brown, all with white; about \$9



on Fashion

8-14 at the Cavendish Stores on page 81

Make a point to look pert and pretty in Randy Knitwear's cotton-knit slipover. Scallop trim separates different bands of color. Neckline and three-quarter sleeves are edged in dark ribbing. A sweater for many uses. Beige and gray; about \$2.50

Poised for action in Abby Teens' corduroy jumper with fly-front bodice and full-gored skirt, left. Gold, tan, charcoal gray, and red; about \$8. Pigtail's classic shirt-blouse of washable Hellerized Jersey has a neat, convertible neckline. Green, red, yellow; about \$6



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RALPH W. BAXTER

HATS BY BETTY ANN

SHOES BY DUSTER BROWN

JEWELRY BY CORO



THE AMERICAN GIRL

33

For the fresh, neat look, so important for back-to-school days, there's nothing like a cotton dress. You can tub it, scrub it, and it will always look pretty. All these cottons available at stores listed on page 81



Cotton classmates



A study in classroom style by Shirley Lee. Shirtwaist dress of two-tone striped cotton has large spread collar and belt of corduroy. 7-15 teen; brown, blue, green, with black overstripe; about \$9



Pockets full of style make a pretty school dress. Contrasting stripes add interest to flare skirt and button-down bodice. By Bobby Teen; sizes 8-14 sub-teen. Red, blue, black; about \$6



A cotton tweed that's tops for all grades. Young Sophisticates' full-skirted dress has pert, asymmetric closing on slim bodice ending in point over left shoulder. 8-16 teen; navy, red, brown, aqua; about \$11

DRAWINGS BY HILDA GLASGOW

Icebox Pies

by JUDITH MILLER



Crumb crusts are "easy as pie" to make. Crackers or cookies are crushed very fine. Avoid waste and mess by crushing them on a large, heavy piece of plain or wax paper. When the crumb mixture is ready, use an 8" pie plate to press it firmly into a 9" pie plate. With a melt-in-your-mouth chiffon filling and chopped nut garnish, this crumb-crust pie is "a dish to set before the queen."



Everybody likes pie—so add these recipes to your cooking file

LUSCIOUS, LIGHT, and almost too-pretty-to-eat—icebox pies are a favorite dessert, especially in summertime. Those that require some cooking need only a few minutes in a preheated oven, and can be baked early in the day. When the pie shells are cold they are filled and tucked away in the refrigerator until it is time to serve them.

FILLINGS

Cream filling of any flavor may be used for an icebox pie—coconut, chocolate, banana, or berry combinations. The warm filling is poured into a cooled shell, and the pie chilled until firm. Packaged pudding mixes are excellent for this kind of filling, and wonderful timesavers, too.

Chiffon fillings are feather-light and delicious. Gelatin usually is used to thicken these. Whipped cream or beaten egg whites, carefully folded into the gelatin mixture, gives the chiffon texture. Melted marshmallows may be used, too. Because they also serve as a sweetener, little or no sugar is needed.

Ice-cream fillings are particularly good with a crunchy coconut, cooky-crumb, or cereal crust, as well as in pastry crusts. The ice cream should be quite hard, rather than soft, for best results.

CRUSTS

For a **pastry crust**, use any standard pie-crust recipe, or a packaged mix. An icebox pie with a pastry crust will have a better flavor if you take it out of the refrigerator about twenty minutes before serving time.

Cracker or cooky-crumb crusts. These may be chilled or baked. However, the pie will cut better if the crust is baked in a moderate oven (350°) 5 to 8 minutes, and cooled thoroughly before filling.

The crumb mixture is pressed firmly on the bottom and sides of the pie plate with the hands or, as in the picture on this page, with another pie plate. For the two-plate method, pour the crumbs into a 9" pie plate. Set an 8" pie plate on top of the crumbs and press them firmly, in an even layer, to the bottom and sides of the larger pie plate.

Graham crackers, ginger-snaps, chocolate and vanilla wafers may be used in the following basic recipe. (When vanilla wafers are used, no sugar is added to the crumbs, and shortening.) Let the shortening stand at room temperature until softened and it will mix more evenly with the crumbs.

CRUMB CRUST

1½ cups finely crushed cracker or wafer crumbs
¼ cup sugar
⅓ cup softened butter or margarine

Combine crumbs with butter and sugar. Press firmly into 9" pie plate. Chill in refrigerator, or bake in moderate oven (350°) 5 to 8 minutes. Cool thoroughly before filling.

With chiffon or ice-cream fillings, Gerakline Wesson of Tucson, Arizona, uses this unusual crust.

COCONUT CRUST

2 tablespoons softened butter or margarine
1½ cups shredded coconut

Spread butter or margarine evenly over entire surface of a 9" pie plate. Sprinkle the coconut into the plate and press evenly into the butter. Bake in slow oven (300°) 15 to 20 minutes. Cool before filling.

Pat Everetts, of Brooklyn, New York, says that she favors coffee ice cream as a filling for this crust.

CHOCOLATE-CEREAL CRUST

1 package semisweet chocolate pieces
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2½ cups crisp rice cereal

Melt chocolate and butter in top of double boiler. Place cereal in a lightly greased bowl. Pour melted chocolate over cereal and mix well. Press mixture evenly on bottom and sides of 9" pie plate. Chill until firm. Fill the shell with ice cream and serve at once.



National Biscuit Company photos

You can make any number of mouth-watering combinations of your own with such a variety of fillings and crusts. Here are some favorite combinations of other AMERICAN GIRL readers.

From Childress, Texas, Anita Meyers sends a recipe for a pie which her whole family enjoys.

PEANUT-BUTTER CHIFFON PIE

½ cup cold water
1 envelope (1 tablespoon) unflavored gelatin
2 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup hot water
½ cup peanut butter
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
1 chocolate-cooky shell

Place cold water in top of double boiler. Sprinkle gelatin over and let stand 5 minutes. Mix well-beaten egg yolks, ¼ cup sugar, and salt. Add to gelatin. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats a spoon. Remove from heat. Add the ½ cup hot water gradually to the peanut butter, beating until smooth. Add the gelatin mixture and vanilla and blend well. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg whites until foamy throughout. Add ¼ cup sugar gradually, beating until mixture stands in stiff peaks. Fold into thickened gelatin. Pour into

(Continued on page 58)

Each Pattern 30¢

Drawings by Florence Maier



9365

9024

4859

School Belles

9365: With its demure collar and fashion-wise simple lines, this basic dress for sizes 11-17 is an eye-catcher anytime, particularly when topped with the bright check or plaid jerkin. In size 13, dress takes $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39" material; jerkin, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54" fabric

9024: The smart jumper shown here in a Burlington check is designed especially for sizes 11-17. The pert stand-up collar of the contrasting blouse is very flattering. In size 13, the jumper needs 2 yards 54" material; $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39" are required for the blouse

4859: The gently flared skirt, fitted jerkin, and trim blouse can be worn as a trio, or combined with other skirts and blouses. Sizes 11-17. For jerkin and skirt in size 13, get $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54" fabric; for the blouse, you will need $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35" material



These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 81

Around the Town

with Winners

During a whirlwind stay in New York, our top prize winners were photographed, interviewed by the press, and fêted at many exciting events, including those pictured below



(1) Mayor Impellitteri (third from left) welcomes our winners to New York City. *Left to right*, Sally Hanlon, Needham, Massachusetts; Marion Jane Townend, Charlotte, North Carolina; Charlotte Taylor, Ogden, Utah; Delaine Knapp, Atlanta, Georgia; and Mr. Joseph Love, one of the co-operating manufacturers. (2) Here they are shown chatting with Miss Dorothy Stratton, National Executive Director of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. at a tea in their honor at Girl Scout Headquarters. (3) They are guest stars on Nancy Craig's popular ABC-TV program where they see their designs modeled by professionals. (4) They are taken to see the Broadway hit "Time Out for Ginger." Here they are visiting backstage with stars Melvyn Douglas and Nancy Malone. (5) And, last but not least, they are guests of honor at the Grand Award Luncheon at the glamorous Waldorf-Astoria.





A prize for every girl is Sally Hanlon's dress of Galey & Lord gingham. High Empire waistline tops the full, ribbon-striped skirt, giving a slim, neat look. Solid-color blouse has a tiny, round collar with reversible bow and cuffed, short sleeves. The practical, triangular button-top can be removed and reversed. Green and blue, by Joseph Love; about \$10



GLOVES BY HANSEN GLOVES



All-occasion coat of Somersville Duchess chinchilla by Charlotte Taylor has the easy-to-wear lines of a classic. Tiny, rolled collar closes down front with three buttons. Stitching outlines cuffs, slash pockets, and novel set-in sleeves. Temp-Resisto lining has rayon-satin facing. Red, gold, purple, cocoa, light and dark blue, by Little Empress; about \$45

Proudly we present the top prize-winning designs of the National Subteen Design Contest, selected from thousands of entries throughout the nation. In subteen sizes 8-14, all are available at stores listed on page 40



JEWELRY BY CORO
GLOVES BY HANSEN GLOVES

Delaine Knapp's corduroy sportswear outfit, made by Lortoga, features a flattering, waist-length cardigan with yoke front and full-length, push-up sleeves. Green, toast, gray; about \$6. Matching jumper has full skirt, slash hip pockets, and low, round neckline. About \$9. Turtle-neck Joan Louise wool-jersey blouse in oxford, red, green, white; about \$5



JEWELRY BY CORO GLOVES BY REGAL KNITWEAR

The novelty wool slipover, designed by Marion Jane Townend, has an interesting ombre, diamond pattern extending from shoulder to waistline. For dressy wear add a pretty scarf or string of pearls to the round, ribbed neckline. Ribbed edging is repeated in the comfortable, short sleeves of solid color. Brown and gray; by Regal Knitwear; price about \$5

First in Fashion

Where to Buy



Winners

All of the first, second, and third prize winning fashions in the
AMERICAN GIRL Subteen Design Contest will be available at these stores

Akron, Ohio	Hower Corp.	Flint, Mich.	Smith Bridgman	Phoenix, Ariz.	Korrick's, Inc.
Albany, N. Y.	W. M. Whitney	Flushing, N. Y.	B. Gertz	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.
Amarillo, Texas	White & Kirk	Ft. Dodge, Iowa	Yunker's	Pittsfield, Mass.	England Bros.
Ames, Iowa	Yunker's	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	Wolf & Dessauer	Plainfield, N. J.	Tepper's
Arlington, Va.	The Hecht Co.	Fresno, Calif.	Connors Teen Shop	Portland, Ore.	Lipman Wolfe & Co.
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison Paxton	Galesburg, Ill.	Kellogg Drake & Co.	Portsmouth, Va.	Sears, Betty & Bob
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's	Glen Burnie, Md.	Robinson's	Pottstown, Pa.	New York Store
Atlantic City, N. J.	M. E. Blatt	Glendale, Calif.	H. & S. Webb	Pottsville, Pa.	Pomeroy's, Inc.
Auburn, N. Y.	Juliana Inc.	Grand Island, Neb.	Wolbach's	Providence, R. I.	Boston Store
Augusta, Ga.	Davison Paxton	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Wurzburg's	Raleigh, N. C.	Ivey Taylor Co.
Austin, Texas	Buttrey's	Hancock, Mich.	Benn Miller Co.	Rapid City, S. D.	L. S. Donaldson's
Bakersfield, Calif.	Weill's	Hempstead, N. Y.	Coslow & Fox	Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
Baltimore, Md.	The Hecht Co.	Huntington, Ind.	Wolf & Dessauer	Rochester, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild Kohn	Indianapolis, Ind.	Wm. H. Block	Rock Island, Ill.	McCabe's
Bayshore, L. I., N. Y.	Namm-Loeser's	Iowa City, Iowa	Yunker's	St. Paul, Minn.	The Golden Rule
Belmont, Mass.	Filene's	Jamaica, N. Y.	B. Gertz	St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's, Inc.
Belvedere, Md.	Hochschild Kohn	Joliet, Ill.	M. A. Felman	St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney
Binghamton, N. Y.	Hills, McLean & Haskins	Kalamazoo, Mich.	Mahoney's	Salem, Mass.	Wm. G. Webber Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman, Joseph, Loeb	Kannapolis, N. C.	Belk's	Salt Lake City, Utah	The Paris Co.
Bluefield, W. Va.	Thornton Co.	Kansas City, Mo.	Emery, Bird, Thayer	Salt Lake City, Utah	Z.C.M.I.
Boston, Mass.	Filene's	Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's	San Antonio, Texas	Joske Bros.
Battleboro, Vt.	Houghton Simonds	Lafayette, Ind.	Loeb's	San Antonio, Texas	Wolf & Marx
Bridgeport, Conn.	Howland D. G.	Lancaster, Ohio	Chas. P. Wiseman	San Bernardino, Calif.	The Harris Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Namm-Loeser's	Lansing, Mich.	J. W. Knapp	San Francisco, Calif.	The Emporium
Buffalo, N. Y.	J. N. Adam & Co.	Lawrence, Mass.	A. B. Sutherland Co.	San Francisco, Calif.	Macy's
Cape Girardeau, Mo.	Buckner Ragsdale	Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's	Savannah, Ga.	Levy's
Champaign, Ill.	W. Lewis & Co.	Louisville, Ky.	J. Bacon & Sons	Scranton, Pa.	Samter Bros.
Charleston, W. Va.	The Diamond	Lowell, Mass.	Bon Marche	Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marche
Charlotte, N. C.	Ed. Mellon Co.	Lynbrook, N. Y.	Coslow & Fox	Sharon, Pa.	The Sharon Store
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.	Macon, Ga.	Belk Mathews	Sheboygan, Wisc.	H. C. Prange
Chester, Pa.	Speare Bros.	Madison, Wisc.	Harry S. Manchester	Silver Springs, Md.	The Hecht Co.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.	Filene's	Marion, Ind.	Resnick's	Sioux City, Iowa	Yunker Davidson's
Cheyenne, Wyo.	Kassiss Dept. Store	Marshalltown, Iowa	Yunker Brintnall	Springfield, Ill.	Myers Bros.
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field & Co.	Mason City, Iowa	Yunker's	Springfield, Ohio	The Edward Wren Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's	Massillon, Ohio	The Ideal Co.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Dey Bros. & Co.
Clayton, Mo.	Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney	Memphis, Tenn.	Bry Block Co.	Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes Bros.
Columbia, S. C.	Belk's	Milwaukee, Wisc.	Boston Store	Terre Haute, Ind.	Root Dry Goods
Columbus, Ga.	Davison Paxton	Milwaukee, Wisc.	Ed. Schuster & Co.	Toledo, Ohio	La Salle & Koch
Danville, Va.	Belk-Leggett	Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton Co.	Trenton, N. J.	Swerns
Dayton, Ohio	Elder & Johnston	Minneapolis, Minn.	Powers D. G.	Tulsa, Okla.	Vandever Dry Goods
Decatur, Ga.	Belk's	Minot, N. D.	Ellison's	Union City, N. J.	Holthausen's
Denver, Col.	May Co.	Montgomery, Ala.	Montgomery Fair	Upper Darby, Pa.	Lit Bros.
Des Moines, Iowa	Yunker's	Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's	Utica, N. Y.	Boston Store
Detroit, Mich.	Demery's	Newark, Ohio	King's Dept. Store	Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.
Duluth, Minn.	Edward F. Wahl Co.	New Orleans, La.	La Biche's	Waterbury, Conn.	Worth's
Durham, N. C.	Belk Leggett	New Rochelle, N. Y.	Weber's	Wellesley, Mass.	Filene's
Easton, Pa.	The Eagle Youth Centre	New York, N. Y.	Stern Bros.	Wichita, Kansas	George Innes
Edmondson, Md.	Hochschild Kohn	Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown	Williamsport, Pa.	Brozeman's
Elizabeth, N. J.	R. J. Goerke	Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis	Wilmington, N. C.	Belk Berry
El Paso, Texas	Popular D. G.	Ottumwa, Iowa	Yunker's	Winchester, Mass.	Filene's
Erie, Pa.	Trask, Prescott & Richardson Co.	Palo Alto, Calif.	Walster's	Woodmere, L. I., N. Y.	Milk's
Evansville, Ind.	The Baby Shop	Pawtucket, R. I.	New York Lace Store	Wooster, Ohio	H. Freedlander & Co.
Fairmont, W. Va.	Jones, Inc.	Petersburg, Va.	Rucker Rosenstock	Worcester, Mass.	Mac Innis Co.
Fall River, Mass.	R. A. McWhirr	Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel's	Wyandotte, Mich.	Cecelia Melody's
Fitchburg, Mass.	Parke Snow			Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss Hirschberg

Galey & Lord full skirted dress — cotton tweed — dramatic button off and on collar — cuffs of white birdseye pique . . . a trim row of bodice buttons . . . and leather belt. Green and red. About \$8.00. In Subteen sizes 8-14.



Dear Diary - it must be Love



I saw the prettiest dresses today — they were just what I need to start off the school year — designed by girls my own age — which really makes them super special.

Corduroy by Reeves, bright with ribbon stripe on collar, shoulder and pocket — covered belt. In gold and green. About \$11.00. In subteen sizes 8-14



Loving Cup Fashions
Designed by Subteens for Subteens



JOSEPH LOVE INC.
1333 Broadway
New York 18, N. Y.



Luxury look coat in Pebble point by De Land — elegantly accented by stand-up velveteen collar with wing front, button band, and crescent pockets. In red, capen blue, beige and grey. About \$40.00 in Subteen sizes 8-14

Dear Diary - I will be true to Peggy 'n Sue



Because they are the most heavenly coats . . . and this Fall two of their smoothest looking coats are designed by subteens who really know what other subteens like to wear.

Clean cut lines of a cardigan coat with detachable Peter Pan collar — emphasized by Springfield's Whisper Fleece. Turn back cuffs. In nude, honey, pink, ice blue, French blue, middy, red and grey. About \$35.00. In subteen sizes 8-14



Loving Cup Fashions
designed by Subteens for Subteens

Peggy 'n Sue

LITTLE EMPRESS COATS, INC.
534 Eighth Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.



Quilting bee separates —
flower sprig print on black
quilted cotton for the so
full skirt — solid quilted
cotton for the weskit.

Skirt . . . about \$6.00
Weskit . . . about \$3.00

Bow tied broadcloth blouse
by Joan Louise in white,
pink, and maize. About \$3.50

Dear Diary — for "dreamy" sportswear —

I can't do better than Lortogs

Whenever I see something that I must have — it has a Lortogs label
on it! And now I'm going to add these two prize winning
Lortogs fashions — to my Fall wardrobe.



Two views of a vest! Corduroy
on one side — gingham on
the other. About \$5.00

Full skirt faced with gingham.
About \$6.00. In
grey, green and royal cor-
durey by Bernside. Turtle
neck blouse in Allen Knitting
Mills Redmanized Jersey
wool. Oxford, fawn leather,
red, kelly green, white.
About \$5.00



Loving Cup Fashions
Designed by Subteens for Subteens

Joan Lord

LORTOGS CO.
519 Eighth Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Luxurious angora slip-on sweater with hand embroidered cardigan effect — double row of eye-catching pearl buttons. White, Maize, Pink, Blue. About \$6.00. In sizes T12-T14-T16 or T10-T12-T14



Dear Diary — Regal sweaters are "top" news for back to school



Now that I've seen these wonderful sweaters by Regal —

I can hardly wait till I wear the "dreamboat" styles designed for me by "definitely" smart subteens.

The sweater that pays the nicest compliment to your favorite skirts — face fluttering white collar and trim white cuffs. In navy or red. About \$4.00. In sizes T12-T14-T16 or T10-T12-T14



Regalteen Fashions
Designed by Subteens for Subteens

Regal
KNITWEAR CO., INC.

NEW YORK: 1333 Broadway
LOS ANGELES: 824 S. Los Angeles St.
DALLAS: 1710 Jackson St.

Horses Are Her Hobby

by WINIFRED WILKINSON



In the photo above Louise proudly displays her collection of glass and straw horses, while at the left she is shown with her favorite real horse, Flicker

NOBODY wanted Flicker—thin, sad-eyed Flicker, a horse without a friend. Nobody wanted a lame horse, so badly mistreated in the past that he refused to let anyone approach him with a saddle. Nothing for an old horse to do but drowse in the sun; nothing to do but shiver and shy away when people passed his stall.

Then one bright day a freckle-faced, redheaded twelve-year-old came to the farm where Flicker lived, took one look at him and said, "That's the horse I want for my birthday present."

And so two things began: A new life for Flicker; and a unique and fascinating hobby for Louise Medlock of Atlanta, Georgia, who has made a special project of training sick, mean, or nervous horses—with kindness.

Louise took Flicker home (the Medlocks live several miles from town, where there is plenty of land for a horse pasture) and began the slow process of nursing him back to health, making friends with him at the same time. She found that his

limp was caused by a bad sprain of one tendon, so she began to treat the leg, applying hot and cold packs, a supporting bandage and massaging it with salve.

She fed him well, so that by the time his leg was well he was beginning to have a sleek look in keeping with his proud Arabian heritage. But Louise's troubles were not over. She and the horse were friends, but Flicker still refused to have a saddle on his back.

Louise tried psychology. She discovered that Flicker liked watermelon, so she led him down to the watermelon patch. There she picked two melons, put them in sacks, and fastened the sacks across Flicker's back. Every time he threw the sacks off, she would replace them. Finally, Flicker was made to understand that every time he carried the melons to the house, he was rewarded with a piece of watermelon. Louise progressed from the sacks of melons to a blanket tied on with a string, and finally to a saddle. After six years Flicker is still her favorite riding horse.

When she's not nursing a sick horse, you'd probably find Louise gentling a wild one, like Victor.

Victor was an outlaw stallion when Louise bought him, so untamed that no one on the Medlock place would attempt to ride him. No one but Louise, that is. Louise says, "It took me an hour and a half to mount him the first time. He reared and threw himself over backward three times before I ever got on his back!"

Finally, Louise decided to remove the saddle and try to ride him bareback. First she fed him sugar and talked to him in a soft, soothing voice. (Louise says it really doesn't matter what you say to a horse, as long as you say it in a soothing manner.) She fed Victor some grain, scratched his back, and played with him for a while. Then she climbed on a wall near where he was eating grain and (Continued on page 54)

Louise found out that "problem" horses, like people, just need a little kindness



Bobby Teen

"THE SOFT LOOK" . . . two-tone flattery in cotton. The accent of bunny soft angora on the tricky collar, tie 'n' cuffs of the bodice. The gathered fullness of the embossed Everglaze® skirt. Washable, of course! Grey bodice/green skirt, grey bodice/red skirt, navy bodice/navy skirt. Small teen sizes 8-10-12-14. About \$6, including the wide black patent belt.

For the name of the store near you, write Bobby Teen, 520 Eighth Avenue, New York 18.



corduroy weskit + pleated skirt

2 PIECES COMPLETE

ONLY **6.95**

Slick little corduroy weskit by Ber-May, in red, green, brown or purple . . . with fabulous all-around pleated skirt (55% wool, 45% rayon) in gay Scotch plaids to match the weskit! 9-17.

MATCHING PLAID FRINGE STOLE (not shown) 1.95

TUXEDO BLOUSE
... with stitched
box pleats.
Fine washable
broadcloth in
white or lilac.
By Rhoda Lee.
32-38.
3.95



CAMPUS JACKET
... red, green,
brown or purple
corduroy. 9-17.
4.95



MELBURN, 62 BROADWAY, PATERSON, NEW JERSEY DEPT. A
Please send me: Size Color 2nd Color NAME

Weskit & Skirt @ \$6.95

Tuxedo Blouse @ \$3.95

Campus Jacket @ \$4.95

Plaid Stole @ \$1.95

☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ C.O.D. (add 25¢ postage)

A dollar deposit required on all C.O.D. orders. To be MONEY BACK GUARANTEE applied to price of item.

ZONE STATE

talk

by JONNI BURKE

Drawing by Liel Weil



... 1910 Ford
Pin



... 1903 Cadillac
Pin



... 1909 Shelby Duesenberg
Pin



Scatter some copper pins on a blouse or sweater. Tiny replicas of ancient cars have antique, lacquer finish. Available at Roslyn Hoffman, 656 Broadway, New York City 12. \$2 for set of three, tax included



Hansen's two-color gloves of woven nylon have corduroy backs; are pert, durable, and wonderfully washable. Blue, white, red, with black; green, gold, with brown. \$2, sizes 6-7½. Gimbel's, New York City 1



Perfect-for-school cotton-knit blouse by Randy Knitwear: has push-up sleeves and buttoned, convertible neckline. Green, gray, red, navy, aqua; 10-14 subteen, \$2.50, Oppenheim Collins, New York City 7

* Please add 20% Federal tax

Please order items direct from store listed and mention The American Girl

May attractive accessories
 give you the new-season
 look. Items are \$3 or less



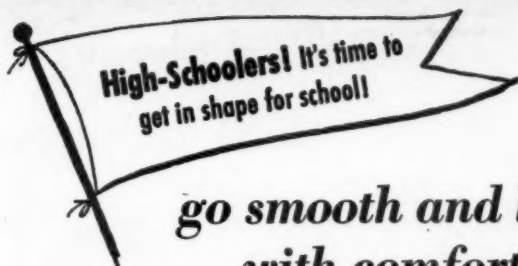
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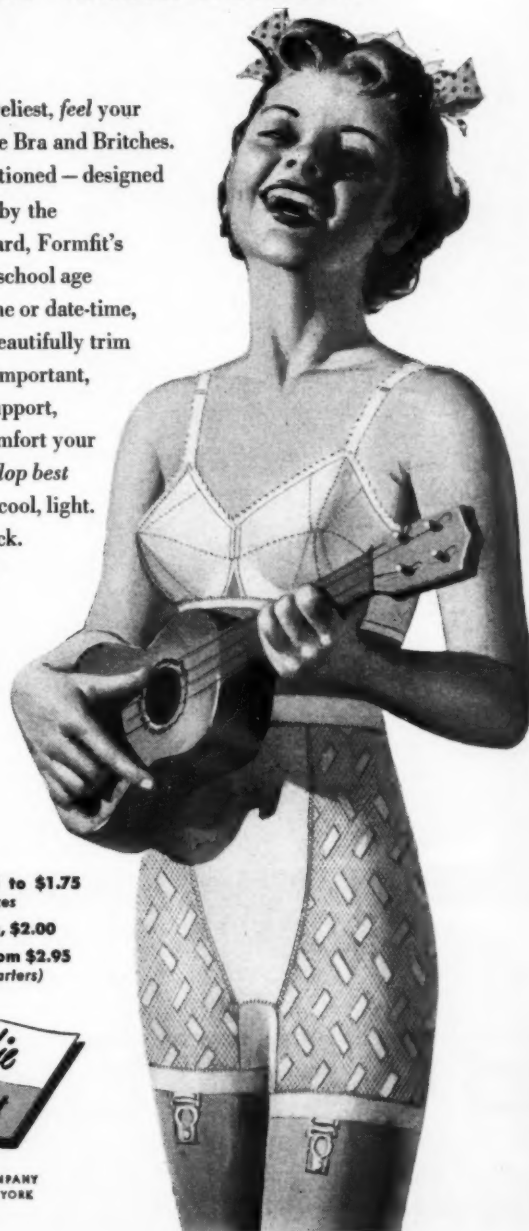


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Goal for Jill

(Continued from page 31)

dribbled at top speed. She passed to the right and to the left, while traveling like greased lightning. The ground was hard and she knew enough to use the push stroke for short passes to her inners. She looked for weak spots in Westbrook's defense, but there were none. There wasn't a single space through which she could send forward passes to her inners or wings. All her efforts failed because Katie Decker was always two steps ahead of her. Able to hit with equal strength to the right or left, Katie could distribute the game evenly. Thus she kept her forwards from being overworked, and they seldom missed a chance at goal.

The game moved so swiftly that Jill lost all track of time. She played with her nerves. She played as she had never had to play before, grimly and desperately, ignoring the score. Her teammates were like people she was trying to reach in a nightmare and couldn't. The goal was some distant mirage she never could reach. Katie was an overpowering ogre who menaced and threatened.

Then at last it was over. Jill was caught up in the crowd of girls that crossed toward the locker rooms. She felt failure, frustration, hopelessness. It was not only New Sharon that had lost a game. It was she, herself. It was Jill MacCrombie who had been beaten—beaten by Katie's power and drive.

The locker room was noisy, full of a bitter New Sharon team. She heard the talk all around her. "What was the matter with Mac? She played as if she never saw a hockey stick before. Maybe they played ice hockey at Westmorland." A bitterly sarcastic laugh and then, "Some coach! We should teach her how to play. Two of our boys fighting over whose sweater she'll wear, and she can't make even one goal."

Jill hurried through her dressing and snatched up Jock's sweater. When she pushed open the door, she almost fell into Bo Skinner's arms. She started to pass him but he grabbed her arm.

"Mac, I've something important to say to you."

"I've heard enough."

"Don't mind the girls," he said. "Any team has to have a scapegoat when it gets a shellacking."

She began to walk on but he stopped her. "Wait a minute, Mac. I'd like very much to take you to the Harvest Dance."

"Thank you; I'm not going."

"Maybe I'm not your type of boy, Mac, but I admire your kind of girl. Won't you go with me?"

"You gave your sweater to Chris," she said lamely, seeking an excuse. "You're supposed to take her."

"Not necessarily. Say, you aren't worrying about Chris, are you?"

"Why should I be?"

He pursued his question. "Are you afraid to go with me on account of Chris?"

"Of course not."

"All right then, why don't you accept?"

All right, she thought, why don't I? All at once she felt defiant. She had tried to get along with these girls. She wasn't entirely to blame for today's defeat. She wouldn't let Chris bother her.

Bo leaned close. "Listen, Mac, you're in New Sharon now. Maybe we're a different



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breed from Westmorland—a little tougher. You know the old saying: "When in Rome . . ."

She flashed him a smile. "All right, Bo. I'll go with you."

Saturday afternoon Jill went to the football game with Nan. On the way over they chatted about all sorts of things, including the dress Jill would wear to the Harvest Dance that night. "It's a powder-blue print with feathery gold leaves," Jill said. "When my Aunt Gladys gained weight and couldn't wear it, she sent it to me."

They talked about the scolding Mrs. Sargent had given Chris Robinson the day before.

"Diddy told me about it," Nan explained. "She heard some of it. Mrs. Sargent blamed Chris for bad teamwork and bad sportsmanship. She said if Chris had backed you up, you'd have played a better game."

"What did Chris say?"

"She was furious. She sassed Mrs. Sargent as much as she dared and threatened to give up her captaincy, but her friends talked her out of it."

"So she stays on the team madder than a hornet. That's a nice prospect for the rest of the season."

"If I were you, Jill, I'd watch my step. Just steer clear of Chris; not only in hockey, but everywhere. When she's got it in for anyone, she's dangerous."

The football teams were already on the field when they reached Brighthaven. The cheerleaders in their colorful sweaters and fan-shaped skirts were turning handspins on the turf. The Brighthaven band was playing, "Hats off to Brighthaven!"

The game started promptly. Jill was jostled and pushed with the crowd. She lost her hat and found it again. One of the boys snatched her scarf and tucked it into his jacket. The wind tousled her hair. She found herself screaming with the rest, "Jock! Bo! hold that line! Go, go, go, New Sharon!"

For the first time, she felt proud of boys she knew in classes, boys who swiped peanuts or a sandwich from her tray in the cafeteria. When New Sharon pushed ahead by seven points, she almost went wild with joy.

She saw Bo Skinner in a new light. He played football the way she, at her best, played hockey. She forgot the supercilious, somewhat cynical boy with the patronizing manner. She could see only that he was fighting mad and doing his best for New Sharon.

Toward the end, Dave went in for five minutes. Jill felt he belonged to her, as a brother might, and she wanted him to shine. There was nothing outstanding about his playing. He made a couple of good passes that helped Bo and Jock complete their plays. No one cheered him. No one paid any attention to him. No one but Jill.

When the game was over and New Sharon had won, Jill joined the snake dance that twisted its way back to the parking lot. They reached Stinky, and Jill dropped down on the running board, hoarse and tired.

"It was fun," she said to Nan. "I had the time of my life."

"You sure did!"

Jill looked up at the autumn sky, listening to the honking of horns and the coughing of motors. She wanted to hold on to this moment. It was something she had never felt before. She drew in a deep breath. The sharp, bittersweet smell of burning leaves

was in the air. She thought that it would always mean autumn and New England; football games with boys like Jock and Bo and Dave fighting to win. It would mean being part of a big roaring crowd, losing a scarf, getting her hair mussed and not caring.

Nan pulled her up. "You're a funny girl, Mac," she said. "Until today I would have sworn you didn't like us."

Jill answered slowly, as she climbed into her car. "Until today, Nan, maybe I really didn't."

The Harvest Dance was held in the school cafeteria. The committee had tried to make it look as much like a barn as possible with baskets of fruit and vegetables scattered about, with garlands of autumn leaves above the doors, and bouquets of corn and gourds hung from the windows. Woody Merrill's band had dressed for the occasion in red-and-white checked shirts, blue jeans, big blue bandannas, and farmers' hats.

The party was in full swing when Jill and Bo arrived. Bo pounced on Jill's dance card, a fold of brown wrapping paper decorated with a rooster and a hen drawn in red crayon. He waved away the crowd of boys and said, "Stags don't get their names on programs. If you want a dance, you have to cut in."

Jill danced with every important boy in the school. It was more fun than the formal dances which had been held at Westmorland, and she welcomed the opportunity to get better acquainted with these boys. It was while she was dancing with Dodger Donati, the fastest runner on the football team, that Dave came in. He was very late and he was alone. His eyes found her and he started immediately across the floor. Tapping Dodger on the shoulder, he cut in.

"Hello," Dave said. "Here we are. Just the two of us—and a couple of hundred people."

"What made you so late?" she asked.

"I've been working in the shop. Got stuck with a problem and couldn't leave."

"Well, it's lucky you hadn't asked a girl. Would you have kept her waiting all this time?"

"Probably."

"That's bad manners."

"I know, but I can't help it."

"Of course you can help it."

"Are you arguing with me?" He smiled. "You must like me a little or you wouldn't bother to argue."

He was teasing but he was right. Why, she thought, I've been waiting all evening for Dave! I would have felt as if he had stood me up if he hadn't come.

In a way it was Dave who was responsible for the unfortunate event that climaxed this otherwise happy evening. Mrs. Sargent and Mr. Brill asked him to act with them as student judge of the lucky-number dance.

Bo explained the dance to Jill. "It's a sort of popularity contest," he said. "They pick the couple who look best together, dance best together, and who have done most for the teams."

Woody Merrill made a long, plaintive wail on his trumpet, gave the downbeat, and the dance began. As each couple took its place, a hockey pinnie with a large number on it was slipped over the boy's shoulders. The band started with a fox trot and then slipped into a waltz. Jill followed Bo through the tango and the rumba, the

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samba, the Charleston, and the shag, hearing the numbers called and watching one couple after another drop out.

There were only three left. Bo and she, Jock Pearson and Lefty Carmichael, Chris and Lucky Price. She glanced at the judges. Dave, staring at Bo and Jill, was obviously trying to persuade the two coaches to vote his way.

"Number eighteen!" Jock and Lefty laughingly danced off to join the crowd of on-lookers. The audience began to cheer and take sides, as rooters do on a football field. It was hard to hear the music because of the cheering and stamping. Jill glanced at the judges again. There was another brief discussion and Mr. Brill shouted, "Number twenty-four!" Lucky Price and Chris stopped. Lucky good-naturedly swung Chris toward the rejected dancers, but there was nothing good-natured about Chris. She pulled away, glaring at Bo and Jill.

Then the dance was over and Jill, holding Bo's hand, stood breathless and flushed before the judges' table. Mr. Brill placed a gold cardboard crown on her head, naming her "Queen of the Harvest Dance."

Afterward Bo took Jill to the Humpty-Dumpty for a sandwich. All the tables and stools were taken and they had to stand in the crowd that was jammed four deep in front of the counter. Dave Gifford came in, alone and late, as he had at the dance. His eyes, dark and searching, found Jill and never left her. It made her feel uncomfortable to be watched like that.

There were other eyes watching her, too. Chris, sitting at the big center table with her friends, was gay and noisy, but her eyes, defiant and resentful, kept straying over to Jill.

The crowd at Chris's table were making toasts. The chatter and the laughter around them faded as their table held the attention of the whole room. Each one took a turn.

They toasted the heroes of the varsity football squad. "Here's to Lucky Price who earned his nickname by playing four years without a scratch—because the other fellow always carried the ball."

They toasted the faculty. "Here's to Mr. Cole. May he live long and stay healthy. New Sharon never had such a snap course!"

When it was Chris's turn she stood up, her eyes bright with malice. Jill shrank back even before Chris opened her mouth, feeling intuitively that she was going to say something unpleasant.

Chris raised her water glass. "Let's not forget the girls' hockey team," she said. "Here's to Miss Westmorland—the girl who has had the biggest build-up of anyone who ever swung a hockey stick for New Sharon. The only center forward in the history of our school who couldn't score a single point against Westbrook."

No laughter followed the toast. There was a ghastly hush, as if everyone knew that there was no humor here, not even the caustic, good-natured humor to which the others had been exposed.

Everyone looked toward Jill. She saw eyes, big accusing eyes, mocking her from every side.

Then there was Dave's voice beside her saying, "Don't mind her, Jill." She felt his arm around her waist, but Bo stepped in. He took her firmly by the arm and his voice pierced the grayness around her.

"Come on, Mac," Bo said. "Let's get out of here."

(To be continued)



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Horses Are Her Hobby (Continued from page 45)

slipped over on his back. He snorted a little and tried to dislodge his rider, then went back to eating the grain. The following day Louise rode him with a saddle and from then on had no more difficulty.

When she finally sold him to a thirteen-year-old boy, Victor could be ridden by anyone.

"The important thing to remember about training wild horses," Louise says, "is to give them plenty of room to run, so they won't feel penned in."

When she began the training of Fire Chief, a vicious animal that refused to allow anyone to approach him, she did it by making him come to her. She let the horse into the pasture without breakfast (it was winter, and there was no grass). Then she walked around him slowly, rattling some oats in a bucket, and talking to him in her soft, soothing manner. When Fire Chief came close enough to smell the oats, she turned and walked away. After this happened several times, curiosity got the better of the horse, and he came straight to Louise to be fed. Once Fire Chief realized that Louise was his friend, the biggest obstacle was removed, and the training was easy. Louise and Fire Chief became such good friends, in fact, that he once saved her life in a truly remarkable way. This is how it happened.

Louise and her horse were lost in the woods. Almost before she realized it, Louise saw that they were starting down a narrow ridge with a fifteen-foot drop on one side. Fire Chief stumbled badly and Louise went flying over his head. Then suddenly, in mid-air, she felt herself being pulled back. Fire

Chief had caught the leg of her jodhpurs in his teeth, and in this way he carried her down the hill to safety!

Louise's newest horse is Sir Tristan. When she acquired him, Sir Tristan had a cut on his leg that went right to the bone. He was thin, very nervous, and had never been ridden by anyone. He was called Diablo, the Spanish word for "devil." Louise had heard that when he was angry, he would rear up and try to strike the person who was annoying him. But before she could begin training of any sort, Louise knew that item one on her agenda was this: Get him well.

She treated his wound, supervised his diet carefully, spoke gently to him at every opportunity. By the time he was well, she was able to ride him with no difficulty. Two months after she started training him, the horse won a ribbon in the three-gaited pony class, competing with ponies which cost a thousand dollars or more. Louise paid less than a hundred dollars for Sir Tristan.

All in all, Louise has had fifteen horses in the last six years which she has either trained or nursed back to health. She earns the money to buy her horses and pays for their feed by giving riding lessons and by training other people's horses. At this writing she owns six horses.

What is the secret of her success?

"There's no magic formula," Louise says, smiling. "I guess it's just a matter of kindness, patience, and understanding, and loving horses."

She has no general technique for training all horses. Each horse is different and she fits her methods to suit the horse's par-

ticular problem. One thing Louise has never done is use a whip.

As for food, racehorse oats and timothy grass are her recommendations. She always has a "salt lick" (a cake of mineral salt) handy. She rarely gives her horses sugar, but frequently feeds them apples, carrots, or small pieces of loaf bread. As rewards, she sometimes uses candy lifesavers and soft drinks. (Flicker has three favorite brands of soft drinks, and scorns all others.)

Her love of horses carries over to all of Louise's other activities and interests. She is enormously proud of her collection of 160 miniature horses, made of china, glass, and even of straw. The newest additions are a couple of unicorns, made of glass.

She also loves to draw. And what does she draw? Horses, of course. She sketches her own horses, freehand, and though she never has studied art, the pictures are really quite good. Her fine collection of books on horses includes just about everything from the well-known "Black Beauty" to little-known stories.

In spite of her absorption with horses, Louise says her ambition is to be a librarian—and a veterinarian on the side. She attended Druid Hills High School in Atlanta, and is now attending the Atlanta Division of the University of Georgia. In both high school and college she has worked in the school library, and likes the work very much. But for now, she'll stick with the sick and mistreated horses around Atlanta, for there is always certain to be one that needs to be nursed or trained with Louise Medlock's very own special brand of understanding and affection.

THE END

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Skipper—Surprise!

(Continued from page 19)

"Okay," and called the meeting. If I thought I had a good idea, it was nothing compared to what we wound up with when all the Mariners pitched in and added to it. Marcy Adams said she'd rush right home and talk to her dad who owns a radio shop. Sally Hempstead got out the "Ditty Bag" and made a list of the best sea chanteys. Bobbie Buckman promised to head a committee to go out to the palmetto grove for tons of fronds. Bonnie cleared everything for us all the way down the line and readily agreed to keep it a surprise for Skipper. (Cy and I were the only ones who knew the real reason for the secret, though.) I was limp when I climbed into bed that night. There was just one thing left to do. I had to talk to Hock. I couldn't sleep for thinking of the best way to approach him. I term it planning strategy, but my father calls this my horse-trading instinct coming to the fore.

All the next evening I spent sitting on the deck of Hock's boat talking. At first Hock said "What?" Later he said, "Peg, you're kidding." And much much later, he shouted indignantly at me, "Of course I love her!" Finally, when the stars came out, he frowned, clamped his pipe hard between his teeth and grunted, "I'd have to think it over. A man's got his pride." I went home practically with laryngitis and worried weak.

Cy phoned, and crossing my fingers I asked, "Any luck?"

Then I listened to a blow-by-blow report of how things were shaping up as far as the troop was concerned. What a troop, I thought, glowing from head to toe. I couldn't let them down. "Tell them to go right ahead," I told Cy in a voice booming with a confidence I didn't feel.

For three days—nothing. Not a word from Hock. I grew weaker and sicker by the minute. Then two nights before the Orange Day parade he called me.

"I'll do it," he said abruptly and hung up. A flock of birds seemed suddenly loose inside my heart. You know that feeling?

We had another meeting of the troop at Cy's house. Bonnie made a final check of everything, and then there was nothing to do but wait and worry about the weather.

Festival Day couldn't have been more perfect; not too hot, with a light, smooth trade wind coming in from the sea, and a sky as soft and bright as a bluebird.

We have just one main street in Blossom Beach and that is Royal Palm Boulevard—the most beautiful street in our State—wide and white, with magnificence and sweep to it. On one side are shops and on the other is a thirty-foot-wide park with sculptured shrubs and flowering azaleas. Just beyond the narrow park is the channel. Between the pavement and the park stands a row of royal palms, towering and stately, with slim cement-colored trunks that burst into a crown of featherlike fronds. Can you see what a setting this made for the parade?

Cy and I had arranged with Bonnie that we would meet Skipper at the judges' stand at two fifteen and act as a sort of honor guard while she viewed the parade. She looked trim and perfect in her Mariner uniform which brought out the blue of her eyes, but I saw how she had to dig down deep for the smile she gave us.

"What's all this mystery?" she said. "I

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Doctors' Clinical Tests Prove CLEARASIL brings entirely new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved.

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can't wait to see what our float is like."

"All things come to those who wait," Cy quoted. "Our float is the last one."

I admire Cy for being so calm all the time. Me, my mind was charging around with the troop, worrying so hard about whether everything was going according to schedule that I hardly saw the beginning of the parade. I was conscious of a blaze of color, a cacophony of sounds and the scent of jasmine and orange blossom. Pretty soon the youth division began. The Sea Scouts would be voted the most beautiful, I thought, and the Junior Red Cross the most original. I watched the rest in a robotlike way, getting more nervous by the minute.

Suddenly Skipper said in a worried voice, "Peg, I can't see anything that looks like our float."

I swallowed. "You can't?"

The last float, made by the Y.W.C.A., was trundling by the judges' stand and that was the visible end of the parade.

"Cy," Skipper said, more sharply than I've ever heard her speak, "Peg, what's going on?"

I just looked at her and shook my head. My heart was booming in my chest. There wasn't a thing I could do but wait and listen and listen and wait. . . .

And then, as if the whole sky had been lifted an inch, the boulevard seemed bigger and airier and struck with wonder. From the channel came the voices, thirty strong, starting soft and low and rising until the melody flooded the air and the rich rollicking words of an old sea chanty caught at us, and danced around us, beckoning coaxing and pulling us toward the sea.

People were running across the street and through the park toward the channel. Cy and I grabbed Skipper's hands and pulled her along with us to the water's edge, where my heart left its proper place and slid into my throat.

There she was, the *Star o' the Sea*, a queen gliding along the channel, her chalk-colored sail as cleanly curved as a gull's wing, her white hull sparkling like the star she was. Massed along her deck were mounds and mounds of palmetto fronds, their green tips swaying in the breeze, and behind the line of green stood the Mariners at attention, their uniforms bluer than the sky and sea combined. From the masthead fluttered the Stars and Stripes and below it our troop flag, and there was the singing!

Beside us Skipper was absolutely still. She was staring at Hock, looking both proud and foolish at the wheel, and at the Mariners and at the *Star* as if they were a mirage.

I put out my hand to touch her arm, thinking: Oh, does she see how much Hock really loves her? Does she see that to prove it he has let us Mariners take over his beloved boat and strew it with palmetto fronds and put up a public-address system so the singing can be heard? Does she see that this is his gesture that says, "Forgive me?" Oh, does she see?

As if some soundless signal had been given, Skipper seemed to be three or four different people at once. Tears were spilling over on her cheeks; she was hugging Cy and me; and waving at Hock and the troop and saying over and over in a voice full of tenderness and pride, "That's my guy!" Then the *Star* docked gently and we climbed jubilantly aboard.

Well, the judges had to think up a new prize category for us—Most Surprising Float—but the best prize of all was that

Hock took our whole troop for an evening sail out in the open sea. He even let Skipper take the wheel!

I sat at the prow with Cy, savoring the spray on my lips, my eyes on Orion's seven stars that looked like chunks of rock candy in the sky. I felt hushed and content and oddly expectant, as if I were about to make a thrilling discovery, which is the way I always feel at sea.

Cy squeezed my hand. "We did it, Peg." I squeezed back. "Of course, we did." For once Cy didn't have a quotation handy. But I did. The words are simple, but I think it says best why I think it's important to work hard at building a float or at trying to make people, crossed in love, happy. I whispered it to Cy and to the stars and to the sea: "A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others." THE END

Carnival Capers

(Continued from page 29)

Is it cash for which you hanker?
Good! You're gonna be a banker!
You will write a big thick book
Telling how Moon-maidens cook.
On a rocket, into space,
You will vanish—leave no trace.

Ball Throw: A ball throw can be rigged up, using five paper drinking cups, or small empty tin cans. Stand the cups three in a row, with the other two forming the top of a pyramid, on an empty apple box. Players get three balls to throw for one bean. The balls should be small, light ones, such as ping-pong or jack balls—or a tennis ball if cans are used. For each cup knocked to the ground, the thrower wins one bean.

You can probably think up more concessions to add. Try a **Bean-in-the-Bottle Game** similar to the old, popular carnival penny pitch. Stand a milk bottle on the ground in the center of a square of newspaper. For one bean a player gets five tosses at the bottle. Players stand three feet away from the edge of the paper. Beans which fall on the floor do not count. Beans which go in the bottle are won by the tosser.

Pitching for Points is another easy game of chance to arrange. Rule a sheet of typing paper into six equal sections. Number the sections one to six respectively. Place the paper in the center of a table. Players pay one bean to toss three at the paper, from a foot back of the table edge. Beans which land in a square win the number of beans written therein.

Give players who lose all their carnival coins a chance to earn more by selling refreshments. Provide a small sack of peanuts for each guest; make some pink lemonade with one of the powdered soft drinks; have hot popcorn and hot dogs, if possible.

The peanut vendor can offer his wares on a tray made by running string through holes punched in opposite sides of a wide box lid. The vendor can sell the nuts at any price (in beans) the customers will pay. When he has earned enough, he can sell his business to another guest. The popcorn vendor will make easy "money" if you can provide an electric popper. The hot corn can be carried easily in paper napkins pinned into cornucopias.

With everyone kept very busy—playing, running games, or "working"—you'll find no one has a chance to get bored with your Carnival Capers. THE END

Here's money for camp, membership dues and other projects! Sign up your troop in this official plan!

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SHOULD YOU GIVE A DATE "CURB SERVICE"?

Beep! beep! beep! Galahad is announcing his arrival. Should you bounce out... or hold out till he comes to the door? Ah... now's the time for southern belle helplessness... hold out! (The truth is, down deep, men really like to perform these little services!) There are other ways you can show your devotion.



For example, suppose he scuffs those precious new white-wall tires, zooming up to the curb. You can tell

him a trick you picked up in the kitchen... a trick that makes cleaning white-wall tires easy. It's S. O. S., of course! Point out that S.O.S. eliminates the old-fashioned bucket and brush... because S. O. S. has soap in every pad. That soap, plus sturdy fibres, literally wipes off road grime, grease and scuff-marks.

There! Without sacrificing one ounce of your femininity, you have him thinking you're wonderful... you and S.O.S.!

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont



Icebox Pies (Continued from page 35)

cold pie shell and chill until firm. Garnish with whipped cream if desired.

Carol Nelson, of Harlowton, Montana, calls this company pie, and it certainly is pretty enough for any occasion.

PINK VELVET PIE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1½ cups undiluted evaporated milk | ¼ cup lemon juice |
| 1 package strawberry gelatin | 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind |
| ½ cup hot water | 1 9" graham-cracker or vanilla-wafer shell |
| ¼ cup sugar | |

Pour milk into refrigerator tray and chill in freezing unit until ice crystals form in the milk—about 25 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add sugar, lemon juice and rind. Let stand while you whip the chilled milk until it stands in peaks. Add gelatin mixture and whip until well blended. Pour into pie shell and chill until firm.

A gingersnap crust is especially good with the pumpkin filling in this recipe, which comes from Pat Hosmer of Kenwood, California. Fresh pumpkin may be used, if you prefer, instead of canned.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1 envelope (1 tablespoon) unflavored gelatin | ½ cup milk |
| 3 tablespoons cold water | ½ teaspoon salt |
| ¾ cup brown sugar | ½ teaspoon ginger |
| 3 egg yolks | ¼ teaspoon allspice |
| 1¼ cups canned pumpkin | 2 tablespoons cinnamon |
| | 3 egg whites |
| | ¼ cup granulated sugar |
| | 1 9" gingersnap shell |

Sprinkle gelatin over the cold water. Mix brown sugar, slightly beaten egg yolks, pumpkin, milk, salt, and spices in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Remove from heat. Stir in gelatin. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg whites until foamy. Add granulated sugar gradually, beating until the mixture stands in stiff peaks. Fold into pumpkin mixture and blend well. Pour into pie shell and chill until firm. Whipped cream and bits of preserved ginger make a nice garnish.

"This pie is very easy to make," writes Mary Winter of Redwood Falls, Minnesota. "But calorie counters should be firm about seconds!"

CHOCOLATE FLAKE PIE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1 square unsweetened chocolate | 1 cup cream |
| ½ cup liquid coffee | 1 9" graham-cracker or vanilla-wafer shell |
| 30 marshmallows | |

Shave chocolate into small pieces. Strain coffee through very fine strainer or piece of cheesecloth. Put coffee and marshmallows

in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water, stirring until marshmallows are dissolved. Remove from heat and chill until slightly thickened. Whip cream. Fold cream and shaved chocolate into marshmallow mixture. Pour into pie shell and chill at least two hours, or until firm.

Very ripe peaches, sliced bananas, or strawberries may be used for this delicious pie. (Drain the fruit if it is juicy.) Kathleen Malcore has sent the recipe from Casco, Wisconsin.

BAKED ALASKA PIE

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 cup fruit | 1 cup sugar |
| 4 egg whites | 1 pint vanilla ice cream |
| 6 tablespoons confect- | 1 baked 9" pastry shell |

Sweeten fruit to taste. Make a meringue by beating egg whites until stiff, then adding sugar gradually and beating until mixture stands in stiff peaks. Fill the cooled pastry shell with ice cream and arrange the fruit over it. Spread the meringue quickly over the fruit, bringing it well out to the edges of the crust, so that the filling is sealed in. Bake in very hot oven (500°) 2 minutes, or until meringue is golden brown. Serve at once.

Janet Heckman has made this flavorful pie in her Home Economics class in Adair, Iowa.

ORANGE-COCOONUT PARFAIT PIE

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 package orange gelatin | 1 pint vanilla ice cream |
| 1¼ cups hot orange juice | 1 cup coconut |
| | 1 baked 8" pastry shell |

Dissolve gelatin in the hot orange juice. Add ice cream by spoonfuls, stirring until melted. Chill until thickened. Fold in coconut. Pour into pie shell and chill until firm. Garnish with whipped cream, or with orange sections and coconut.

In a few weeks the bright red of cranberries will be a gay splash of color on the stands of vegetable and fruit markets. There are many ways of using cranberries besides in the traditional sauce—cocktails and punches, pies, puddings, cakes, relishes, and many others. If you have a cranberry recipe that is out of the ordinary, or gives a new twist to an old idea, send it in for the November Recipe Exchange.

It must be a recipe that you, yourself, have used successfully. It is a good idea to test your recipe, even though you have used it often, before writing it down. Then check it carefully, and mail it by August 20. The rules for the Recipe Exchange are given below. For each recipe printed in the magazine we pay one dollar.

THE END

November Recipe Exchange

Subject: Cranberry Dishes

Each month we will announce in the magazine the kind of cookery for which we wish recipes. The recipe you send in MUST be one that you have used successfully. For every recipe printed in the magazine, THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

We should also like to receive letters telling how and why you have found your recipe especially helpful or valuable.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Recipes and letters must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink.
2. Recipes and letters must be on separate sheets. Recipes should be written on one side of the paper only.

Date Due: August 20, 1953

3. In the upper right-hand corner of the recipe sheet, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
4. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
5. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
6. Address all entries to Cooking Editor, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Music Is Her Magic

(Continued from page 23)

all her traveler's checks and cash. Her high school French was inadequate for the situation. In a phone booth she managed to get the American Embassy but was told there was nothing that could be done in ten minutes! Then, as she stood on the train platform, hugging her cello in utter desperation, from far off she became aware of a strange commotion. Down the grand staircase rushed two *agents de police*, their arms waving and their blue capes flying as they carved a path through the crowd. They were headed directly toward her. Behind them loped an excited taxi driver whose mustachios looked familiar. "*La voilà! La voilà la demoiselle!*" he cried. He thrust her pocketbook into her hand.

"But—but how did you find me?" she asked in faltering French.

"*C'est le cello, mademoiselle! Ah, la belle petite musicienne!*"

Yes, a cello is a fine instrument. So unconcealing in a crowd.

The next spring Gloria was notified that a Fulbright scholarship was hers. The official letter reached her the day she was to appear on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Show on the radio. She gave a scintillating performance. She was happy. Everything seemed to be coming her way.

It was. She won the Arthur Godfrey award—a week's engagement on the air. During the week a letter came from Baltimore. Massimo Freccia, conductor of the Baltimore Symphony, had been listening. His first cellist was departing. He would like her to audition.

"I wasn't nervous when I played for Freccia," Gloria says. "I was thinking of the Fulbright—and Paris. When Freccia said he wanted me, it was a real struggle. I didn't ask Dad's advice—but, in a way, he influenced me, perhaps. For I could guess what he'd think—that the hard work and practice in the orchestra would teach me more than lessons combined with fun in Europe. Either way, I had to sacrifice something I cared about. In the end—well, my career won the day."

As we go to press, Gloria is off to Cape Cod, for some hard work and practice with still another noted concert cellist. But she'll sneak in some swimming, tennis, and hikes before she returns to Baltimore for the next season of the Symphony.

People ask Gloria if she expects to marry, with all this career business.

"Of course," she laughs. "And have a colonial house, with authentic colonial furniture. But I don't intend to give up the cello. And—if I have children—well—yes, I'll certainly tell them they ought to practice!"

THE END

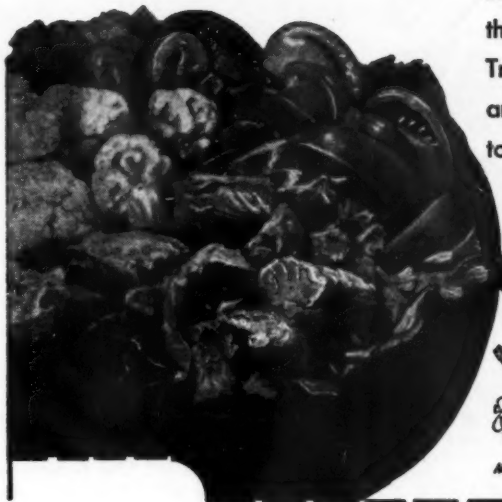
ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

Give The American Girl at least six weeks' notice, so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17.

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook



Here's an easy
main-dish salad
that makes the meal!
Try this recipe—
and add it
to your scrapbook!*



Sea 'n Shore Salad

Tops on any salad list . . . this good hearty *Sea 'n Shore Salad* served with delicious *Whole-Egg Mayonnaise*! Chill 1-lb. can salmon or two 7-oz. cans tuna fish, break into serving pieces, arrange on salad greens with ½ head

cauliflower flowerettes, and 2 wedge-cut tomatoes. Serve with ¾ cup Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real Mayonnaise* mixed with 3 tbs. chopped Fanning's "Bread and Butter" Pickles, and 1 tbs. lemon juice. (Serves 4.)



*Activity 17 for your Cook Proficiency Badge

... requires that you "Make a troop or patrol recipe book consisting of self-tested recipes for general cooking, each member contributing at least five." *Sea 'n Shore Salad* is a fine main-dish salad recipe to add—and to serve at home, too!



Famous for salads, for sandwiches, for sauces . . . you'll find Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real Mayonnaise* so good so many wonderful ways! It's finer in flavor, smoother in texture because it's the *Whole-Egg Mayonnaise* . . . made with *freshly broken whole eggs* plus extra egg yolks. Taste the difference between mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone and Best Foods or Hellmann's made with *whole eggs*. No wonder it's America's favorite mayonnaise!

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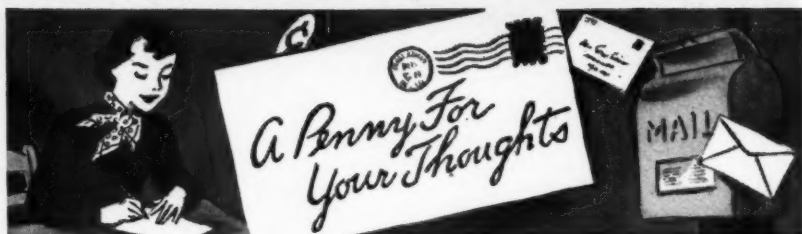
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Address.....

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COLCHESTER, ENGLAND: I wonder if you will let an English girl just say that she loves your magazine. Quite a lot of my friends get it from their pen pals, just as I do, and we all agree that it's the best magazine we've read. The things I like most are the films and record reviews. But I do not like *By You*. That is the only thing I do not read. So once again may I say thanks for a super magazine.

ANN TALBOT (age 13)

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA: The June issue is the best you've had for ages! The cover was tops and so were the stories. I especially liked *Leave It to Butch* and *Good Luck*. *That's My Dog* and *Score "A" in Beauty* helped me quite a bit. The fashions were good, but *By You* was completely made up of poems and nonfiction. Let's get some good fiction. The *Jokes* were good, for a change, too.

PAT MOBERG (age 12)

JACKSON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK: The ending of *Ware Falcon* was wonderful. *Good Luck* was good and so was *Leave It to Butch*. I like the *Jokes* and *By You*. I also enjoy reading *All Over the Map* even though I am not a Girl Scout. Your fashions are super and so are your patterns.

Your June cover was very nice and it did not look posed.

JUDITH KATZ (age 11)

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND: I got *THE AMERICAN GIRL* by my pen friend for a whole year. I enjoy it very much because it gives me a good idea of American life.

I am a German girl and arrived four weeks ago in England to live with a family for one year. Later on I would like to go to France, for I want to become interpreter at the Foreign Affairs Department at Bonn.

In Germany I visited high school and at the moment I go to an English class of Oxford Education Center in Sheffield. But learning languages is not the main reason for my staying abroad. I wish very much to get used to English family life and customs because I think that nothing is better to increase understanding between nations than to meet each other simply as a boy or a girl.

UTA BLUMENTHAL (age 17)

DAET, CAMARINES NORTO, PHILIPPINES: I am a girl from the Philippines. I am the daughter of the former governor of our province. My girl friend in the United States sent me a magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I would like to tell you that everyone in our family enjoyed it very much. My sister Virginia enjoyed *Your Own Recipe Exchange*. For me, I think it's hard to say what I like most because I like every page of it.

BABE SERAFINA GUINTO (age 14)

EHIME-KEN, JAPAN: I am a Japanese girl and attend the Matsuyama South High

School. I will be promoted a senior in April. We have a library named The American Cultural Center in our city. In there all sorts of English books, magazines, newspapers, and records are ready for our citizens. I often go to the Center (A. C. C.) and love to read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. While reading I feel as if I spoke with you merrily. In some cases I take part in a circle of square dances. Although it is difficult to understand English easily for me I am so fond of English that I want to go to college to study English literature, and I am hard working in leisure hours.

KEIKO FUKUDA (age 17)

SOUTH WALES, GREAT BRITAIN: I enjoy reading your magazine very much indeed. I have it sent to me by my pen pal Patti Loungblood who lives in Long Island.

I like the fashion pages best of all and I also like the stories. I enjoy reading *By You*. I have sent a poem in.

I go to a grammar school which is the same as high school in America. My favourite subjects are French, commerce, and arithmetic. When I leave school I want to be a journalist.

I was very pleased with *Ambassador Abroad*, in the February edition, as I am going to Switzerland in June. It gave me some very helpful hints.

JANET R. LAMBERT (age 15)

MOULTON, IOWA: The June cover is simply super-duper. Please have more like it.

Congratulations to Leah Brandenburg for the story, "What Is a Little Sister?"

Please have more articles like *Score "A" in Beauty*.

LINDA APPLER (age 12)

WENONAH, NEW JERSEY: *Leave It to Butch* and *Good Luck?* were very good, but I especially liked *That's My Dog* because I have a cocker spaniel. Also *Score "A" in Beauty* was very good.

I think *Ware Falcon* is the best serial yet; it even tops *Double Date* and the *Wind Blows Free*.

VIRGINIA LANKFORD (age 11)

ESTORIL, PORTUGAL: I live in Portugal, but I am French really. I go to an English school where most of the pupils are foreigners. We have about eighteen nationalities in our school, among which are lots of Americans. I am a second leader in the Pimpinel Patrol of the St. Julian's School Girl Guides.

We can't get *THE AMERICAN GIRL* here, and therefore I am glad I can get it directly from the States.

MANOËLA LEITÄS BIGNOLAS

OLYPHANT, PENNSYLVANIA: Congratulations on the June issue. *Leave It to Butch* was tops. *Ware Falcon* is the best serial you've had yet. I hope *Goal For Jill* is just as good.

IRENE KRENITSKY (age 13)

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE: The June cover was terrific! I liked *Ware Falcon* very much. *Leave It to Butch* and *Good Luck* were wonderful. Please have more features about dogs. *That's My Dog* was very good.

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 144. *All Over the Map* and other Girl Scout articles give very helpful ideas to me and the troop.

All together, I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a wonderful package of pleasure and enjoyment.

Thanks a lot.

LOIS RESNICK (age 11)

BETTENDORF, IOWA: I like *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much but I think you should put something in for us small fry's around the age of ten. I like the *Jokes* very much.

I have a brother who was relieved that I now have my own magazine. (By the way, he is reading it now.)

JANE LEVY (age 10)

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA: My hobbies are swimming, cooking, ballet, and writing. I have a little sister, so Leah Brandenburg's "What Is a Little Sister?" sure suited her.

PATRICIA PERRETT (age 12)

JENNINGS, LOUISIANA: After I have read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I can't wait till the next one comes. Almost all of the Girl Scouts out here get *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and sometimes at meetings we discuss the stories while having refreshments.

KATHERINE T. FIRESTONE (age 12)

GALION, OHIO: I am a First Class Scout in Intermediate Troop 13, and your magazine has helped me earn many badges, especially the World Trefoil.

The story *Impromptu*, in the May issue, was excellent. I enjoyed it very much. *Elizabeth Enters* was very good, and I hope to get the book with the same title.

I thought your June cover was very nice.

Three cheers for Leah Brandenburg for her story "What Is a Little Sister?" I am just waiting for some little sister to write about her big sister (heaven forbid!).

Ware Falcon is wonderful, but still can't compare with *A Girl Called Hank*.

Could we have a column such as the one you used to have entitled *Be Prepared?*

Thanks for a wonderful magazine.

CLAUDIA JO WEBER (age 14)

LYONS, KANSAS: Congratulations to Diana Thorne, the author of *That's My Dog*. I received a Chihuahua pup the day that issue arrived. Score "A" in *Beauty* solved some of my problems. I enjoy the *Jokes*, too.

KAREN BULLER (age 12)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I have been receiving *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years, and I like the beauty hints and fashions. *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *Jokes*, and *Speaking of Movies* are terrific. I want to congratulate all the girls who send in to *By You*. I would like more fiction, though.

All My Sheep was marvelous. Let's have more Pat Downing stories.

ELLEN BARTH (age 12)

THE END

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

THE AMERICAN GIRL



Are you in the know?



Which can be a threat to poise?

- ☐ A callous heart ☐ A callused heel

We're talking about those beat-up loafers she's wearing. The soft shoe routine is fine—'til they get too loose; then, being slip-shod can cause a callus. Shoes should fit snugly. Protects your looks; poise. Of course, at problem time, poise and Kotex go together. That safety center gives extra protection. And Kotex holds its shape; is made to stay soft while you wear it.



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When asked to dinner, should you be—

- ☐ Sure of the date ☐ "Fashionably" late

You were positive Mary's mom said this Tuesday. ("Dinner . . . a few friends.") Or did she mean next Tuesday? Double-checking would have spared confuddlement. Saved barging in, a week ahead, to find the family re-hashing Sunday's roast! Better not be "hazy" about certain other "dates", either. Or the kind of sanitary protection to choose. Remember, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special flat pressed ends let you glide through any occasion—with a heart as light as helium!



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- ☐ Try siren tactics ☐ Pay your own fare

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Reader's Digest reported recently on *Wunder-skin* type medication used successfully in clinical tests. *Wunder-skin* contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists. Your druggist now sells it without prescription.

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26 PAGE
CATALOG

Lovely You (Continued from page 27)

Don't let the gorgeous array of bottles, jars, and beribboned boxes on the cosmetic counters dazzle your vision. Know your skin type before you select.

If your skin is good but tends toward dryness, wash it thoroughly with a rich superfatted soap twice daily. Cleanse nightly, too, with a good cleansing cream, wiping off the surplus with tissues. For skin that has become dry from sun and wind exposure, a rich emollient cream can be left on for a half hour or so nightly, then washed off and rinsed well.

An oily skin needs scrupulous cleansing. Frequent quick washings with soap and water belong on the daily agenda, as well as a morning and evening session with the cleansing cream. This last should be followed by an astringent skin lotion which will help close enlarged pores.

What many teen-agers suffer from is a combination skin—an oily nose, but dryness on the cheeks. For this, follow the treatment for oily skin, but use an emollient cream on cheeks only about three times a week. Smooth on the rich cream and leave for about an hour. Wash off and rinse well.

For the blackheads which harass so many teen-agers, there are some new fine products on the market. Some are mealy; others are medicated creams used with water. Both types are effective. The cleansing meal is a finely ground oatmeal which, besides removing surface blackheads, is an excellent skin stimulant. It may come already mixed with water, or packaged dry for you to mix. Always thoroughly cleanse the face and apply according to directions. Above all, never try to cover blackheads with a pancake make-up. You may hide them temporarily. But if, as a result, the pores of the skin become clogged, the blackhead condition will be really tragic.

The oversensitive skins—those that flush quickly, unevenly—are the skins which, given gentle care, can blossom into rare beauty. Use a reputable brand of nonallergic cleansing cream morning and night, and bathe with a soothing, comforting lotion.

For true allure, know your skin type and dress to it. An olive skin takes to clear blues, greens, and reds—and, for party occasions, clear red lips. The petal-pink skin is perfection with pastels. It needs only a touch of delicate pink lipstick to bring out its beauty. The ivory-toned skins take to the more exotic shades in clothes. In lipstick they are enhanced by off-shades such as pink or fuchsia, rather than true red.

Loveliness takes work and thought, good habits and good health. Start today to be "lovely you."

THE END

Coming in September

Julie hoped she and Bob would ride together on their spirited palominos, Tapaz and Chiquita, in the colorful fiesta parade. What happened when the arrival of a little cousin changed her plans is told in the exciting story, "Fiesta Parade," by Eleanor Hoffman.

Summer sun is hard on the hair. So you will want to read "Hairsbreadth," the September beauty article, which tells you how to get your hair sleek and shining again.

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All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting



Glendale News-Press Photo

Left: Glendale, California, Scouts check an exhibit for one of their libraries' popular story hours for children

Photo by Robert S. Foster

Mariners from Bremerton, Washington, and crew of the "Yorktown" line up for refreshments after the re-commissioning services



WE MUST CONFESS we never dreamed that "All Over the Map" would one day be the theme of a stage production! A letter from a member of the Kenowva (Region IV) Regional Committee told us about it, and the idea is such a good one that we are sharing the letter with you.

"I thought you would like to hear about a program presented at the Mansfield, Ohio, Girl Scouts' annual banquet. The title and theme of the program was 'All Over the Map.' The contents of the magazine made up the structure of the production, with a large replica of an AMERICAN GIRL cover in the background, through which the actors in the four scenes emerged.

"In a prologue, a disgruntled Intermediate Scout tells her mother she is tired of Scouting, because 'We never do anything.' Her mother picks up the latest issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL and asks the Scout to read it and find out what exciting things Girl Scouts are doing all over the country. The girl sits at a table, opens the magazine, and a narrator backstage begins the actual reading over a public-address system.

Parts of Mrs. Layton's letter in 'The American Girl and You' were included here, and the item from the November, 1952, 'All Over the Map' about the Fashion-Editorial Board.

"In the first act the narrator read an article which was illustrated with pictures of a folk-dance festival, and three folk dances were presented. The second act was introduced by an article on a community service (helping children in the School for the Deaf and a school for retarded children) of our own troops. This was dramatized by a troop meeting at which the girls worked on word and picture charts, made dolls' clothes, planned word games.

"The third act was a dramatization of a shepherds' pipes project which the girls did at Day Camp, using a camp cookout to set the scene, with the girls playing the pipes while the stew simmered. The pipes were so very unharmonious, due to their natural temperamental propensities, that the whole skit turned out to be very funny, and the audience enjoyed it hugely. But a new English leader—who really could play the

shepherds' pipes—proved that music really can come from these bamboo sticks.

"The fourth act was a stylized life-saving demonstration by six Seniors wearing pretty swim suits. The breaks, holds, and approaches were done in unison or in pairs. The effect was amazingly good, almost like a drill. They finished with the new method of artificial respiration—and for comedy relief the 'victims' wrapped their blankets around them and went into an Indian war dance, complete with whooping, and thence off stage.

"For the final scene, the Girl Scout at the table turns to 'A Penny for Your Thoughts' and the narrator begins to read a letter from a new Senior Scout, who tells how much Scouting means to her; how the Laws have taken on new meaning since she attended a Senior Conference; how much the program has to offer in preparing a girl for any vocation or career. The Girl Scout at the table gets up, puts on her badge scarf with new pride, picks up THE AMERICAN GIRL, and calls to her mother that she is going down to Scout meeting after all."

We are pleased and proud to have had so important a role in the Mansfield Girl Scouts' annual party. And with our smartest Girl Scout salute we say "Thank you!" to them for their original and excellent idea.

WHEN THE NAVY carrier *Yorktown* was recommissioned recently at the Puget Sound Navy Yard, Mariner troop "Flying Cloud" of Bremerton, Washington, was invited to the ceremonies. This is the fourth ship of our Navy to carry the name *Yorktown*, and one of the "Flying Cloud" Mariners is a grandniece of a man who served, during the Spanish-American War, on the second *Yorktown*. The troop was proud to be invited to the impressive ceremonies, and had a fine time at the reception afterward.

Mariner Scouting is very popular in Bremerton, and the Navy personnel there—which has been very co-operative with all phases of the program of the Olympic Peninsula Girl Scout Council—has been especially helpful with the Mariner activities.

"PATHWAYS TO TOMORROW" was the challenging theme of the 1953 Senior Scout Conference in Appleton, Wisconsin. The Senior Planning Board, made up of representatives from every troop in the Fox River Area Council, planned the entire conference, which was attended by more than six hundred Seniors and adults.

Members of the faculties of Lawrence College and Wisconsin State College spoke at some of the sessions. At others, groups of Seniors and their leaders discussed various phases of Scouting, personal problems, vocations, etc. In an international friendship session an exchange counselor who had worked in Germany, and a Senior Scout delegate to a New Zealand conference, told of their experiences. A French Ranger Scout—an exchange student presently living in Neenah, Wisconsin—spoke at the Scouts' Own on Sunday. Every country in the world which has a Girl Guide or Scout organization was represented in the colorful pageant of world flags which opened and closed the conference.

Wherever Girl Scouts gather, of course, there is sure to be fun and food. There was plenty of both during the week end of the conference. The highlight was the Western-style banquet on Saturday evening and the big square dance which followed. Seniors and leaders in gingham and blue jeans responded to the callers' "Swing your partners!" enjoyed the intermission entertainment, and the chuckwagon refreshments.

A Scouts' Own, choral singing, and the pageant of world flags closed a successful conference. And the Scouts carried away with them the conviction so well expressed by one of the speakers when he told them:

"Girl Scouting is an opportunity for each of you to escape the imprisonment of life without purpose and zeal. Girl Scouting promises service to others . . . and gives us opportunity for life's finest moments."

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP activities are so many and so widespread that it will take a cross-country trip to tell you about just a few of them.

We will start out from Maine, where we find troop 6 of Saco very proud of the United Nations flag which they made for a United Nations Week observance. This flag has been used at many public affairs as well

as in Girl Scout programs. The girls in this troop have been together in Scouting since they were Brownies, and last year they became the first, and only, Curved Bar troop in Saco.

THE GIRLS of Troop 1 in South Paris, Maine, became interested in learning more about Girl Guides and Scouts of other countries when they decided to work on the World Trefoil badge. Among their other international friendship activities, they have corresponded with Girl Scout Troop 11 in Osaka, Japan, and so have learned about their sister Scouts in that country. Recently they received some interesting snapshots of Troop 11, samples of Japanese money, and other gifts. The gifts which pleased them the most, however, were three dolls. One was dressed in a Japanese Girl Scout uniform; the other two were a tiny man and woman in traditional Japanese costumes, and were made from eggshells!

THROUGH A correspondence which started more than three years ago, the girls of Troop 19, in Massena, New York, and the girls of the First Highland Girl Guide Company of Colchester, England, have established an ever-growing friendship. Letters, snapshots, and Thinking Day gifts have brought the two groups in close touch. This year the Massena troop sent a Thinking Day party box packed with the "fixins" which were still hard to get in England. Each member of the Colchester troop invited one Guide from another company to the troop's Thinking Day party, which they modeled as far as possible on an American Girl Scout party, and at which they all sent their warmest thoughts and best wishes to their friends in the United States.

THE NORWEGIAN GIRL had been in the United States only four days, and English was a completely strange language to her. But she did not feel like a stranger at the troop meeting of Lone Troop 1 in St. James, New York, for she was a Girl Guide in Norway, and had a letter of introduction, in English, from her leaders at home. The Long Island girls were as much interested in her brown Guide uniform, overseas cap, and troop crest as she was in their green uniforms, colored neckerchiefs, and berets.

Plans were made for the Norwegian Guide to attend the St. James troop meetings while she is in the United States, so that the girls

may show her some of our Girl Scout customs and traditions, and, in turn, learn from her about Norwegian Guide activities.

IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY, New York, a Belgian Guide leader from Liege (living in Tuckahoe during a year's visit to the United States) has been a link between the Girl Scouts of that area and the Girl Guides of her country. She has taken an active part in Westchester County Scouting activities, and in her smart, attractive Guide uniform has been a welcome visitor at Girl Scout gatherings. Leaders and girls have particularly enjoyed learning to play games and sing in French under her direction.

As a token of their appreciation, the White Plains Girl Scout Council presented her with a Friendship Pin at their birthday anniversary party.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH painting is one of the most popular and interesting arts-and-crafts activities of troops in the Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, Girl Scout Council. When the adviser to the Senior Planning Board left on a European trip which would include a visit to Our Chalet, the Girl Scouts asked her to take a gift from Chambersburg to the American Room at the Chalet. And, as you might expect, the gift was a Pennsylvania Dutch tray.

The Chambersburg Scouts were delighted to learn, in a "thank-you" note from Falk, that the day after its arrival at Our Chalet the tray was used by a visiting troop of American Girl Scouts, now living with their families in Germany.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS the Girl Scouts of the Glendale-Crescenta Valley Council in Glendale, California, have helped to carry out a program of story hours for children, based on life and activities of other lands, at their local libraries.

Each Girl Scout troop is given the responsibility for arranging displays, and preparing lists of books on the various countries that are available at the libraries.

As a result of these story hours, the children have learned how to use the resources of their libraries. Among the Girl Scouts there has been a greater awareness of the value of the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund, and a greater appreciation of its work. The Glendale library staffs have asked the Council to arrange for another program this fall.

THE END

Post-Crescent Photo



A good time is had by all at the big square dance during the week-end Senior Scout Conference held in Appleton, Wisconsin

These children on a playground in Copenhagen have an exciting experience with assorted junk

GIRL SCOUT Seniors who are program aides and who are in search of a new service project—here's an exciting one!—especially if you live in a defense community or near an overcrowded neighborhood in a big city. Organize a playground and supervise the happy times of small boys and girls who are hungry for recreation.

"That's all very well," you say. "We might get the use of a vacant lot or a corner of the park, perhaps. But equipment for a playground costs money. Where do we get the swings and slides?"

You don't need them. Listen. There's a new fashion in playgrounds that's catching on around the world. It started in Copenhagen, Denmark, in wartime; now it's spread to London, to Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and many, many other spots. Did we say it was new? Well, yes—new like the leg-o'-mutton sleeves and bustles and hoop skirts our great-great-grandmothers wore. They never come back in the same form—but they do affect fashion.

Do you remember how you played when you were young enough to make believe? A hole in a hill was a pirate's cave; a pile of bricks was a palace; and you were a queen—gypsy queen, fairy queen, Queen of England, as the case might be. Some boards or roof shingles or a sewer pipe from the house they were building down the street could keep you and your playmates busy for days, building cities and weaving dreams.

When Denmark was occupied, and there were no fancy gadgets to offer children who were clamoring for recreation, the clever people of Copenhagen put their childhood memories to practical use. On a piece of land in a crowded section of workers' housing, they gathered such things as logs and bricks and sewer pipes, with a few simple tools, such as shovels, to dig in the ground. Then they invited the children to come and play there, under grown-up supervision. The grownups tried not to interfere. With a watchful eye, they managed to

keep in the background, knowing they had grown too tall to fit into a world of make-believe.

And what a world arose before their eyes. The towers were a bit ramshackle, the tunnels mysterious, the cave dwellings simple and primitive. Jungle lookouts, with struts for foothold, gave a chance to see over the bushes and warn the natives of the approach of big game such as lions, tigers, elephants, and giraffes. What was best was the fine co-operation that seemed to thrive on the strange setting. Older youngsters took on the heavier chores, but were helpful rather than dictatorial to their younger mates. And as for the quarrels and accidents nervous grownups had predicted, they just didn't materialize. So in the end, everyone had to agree that a "junk playground" is a marvelous idea.

Yes, marvelous because it gives little people a chance to be creative in their own way, with their hands and their minds at the same time—instead of being forever entertained. What is a TV lion hunt or trip to the moon in a space ship compared with crouching in your own

brick-lined hut while the lions and elephants prowl outside?

Of course, the idea of doing things for yourself and others, and of learning to live with one another, is just the sort of thing that Girl Scouts believe in.

No wonder Girl Scouts in many places are eager to help this new playground fashion along. A number of Senior Girl Scout troops are making plans to collect suitable junk. Yes, and they're not forgetting the odd bits of junk that can be used by youngsters who are interested in arts and crafts. Wonderful and useful things can be made out of a potato bag, an old bottle, a tin can, some wire, scraps of window screening.

A number of the new housing projects throughout the country are installing play areas for younger children in which the idea that originated in Copenhagen is carried out in modified form. They have "tunnel pipes" painted in bright colors and placed at angles, for youngsters to crawl through; groups of logs and single logs that are good for climbing, sitting or playing "horse"; and simple devices like a boat or a plane, in which small passengers can travel around the globe.

It might be a good idea to find out whether anything of the sort exists in your community. Your own project for the troop may then take the form either of helping to organize or helping to supervise. In either, you will have the delight of making life interesting for boys and girls who often feel pushed around and crowded out—yet are too small to know how to defend their right to their own busy world of make-believe.

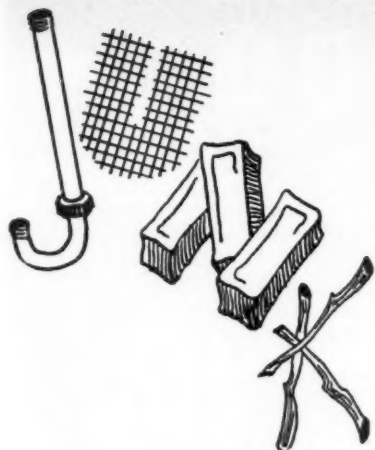
THE END



PHOTOS: COURTESY ROYAL DANISH MINISTRY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

It's snacktime for these two happy little cave dwellers, who devised their own "cave"





Playgrounds

by CORINNE MURPHY

Help the children of your own neighborhood find happiness in play



Sticks and stones, bricks and boards, all give ideas to these future engineers and builders, who learn to live happily as they work together on projects

EVERYTHING in this photo is FREE!

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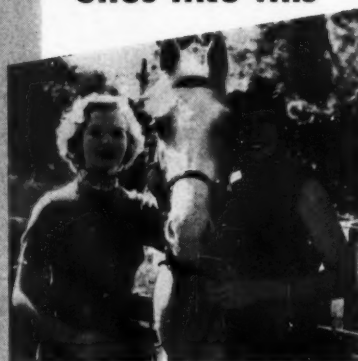
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Champion Daughter (Continued from page 21)

white keys without seeing them. *You will have to choose . . . more work on your net game and you can take Edna easy . . .*

There must be some way out of this, she thought desperately. Surely if she told her father just how much music meant to her, he would understand. If he realized that she couldn't do both—that she just had to make the most of her own particular talent—

I'll tell him tonight, she thought. There's no use putting it off. Things will only get worse and worse.

But that night her father came home with his face paler than usual and with his left leg dragging more perceptibly.

"Your leg is bothering you again, Dad," she said sympathetically.

"A little." He shrugged it off and suddenly Phyllis noticed the eager light in his eyes. "I have more important news than my leg, Philly-Anne! Remember I've told you about Curtis, my old coach? I've been trying to get him down here to show him that you're tennis material for the University and he wrote today that he can come three weeks from tomorrow."

The knife she had been using to scrape carrots slipped out of Phyllis' fingers and made a sharp clatter in the sink.

"But, Dad!" she began. Three weeks from tomorrow was the very day of the recital!

"I arranged with Hendricks this afternoon for an exhibition match—same setup as yesterday," her father went on exuberantly, not seeing the look of consternation on her face. "I want you to practice with everything you've got, and this time I know you can beat Edna Bentley!"

Phyllis felt sick. It seemed too cruel to dim that happy light in her father's eyes.

"But now is the time to tell him," she whispered to herself. "Tell him you need these afternoons to practice for the recital. Tell him you don't want to go to the University, as tennis material or any other way. You want to go to the Conservatory and learn to be a concert pianist. Tell him!"

The silence had lasted only half a minute when she heard herself saying aloud, "Don't you want to lie on the living-room couch while I finish supper, Dad? You look tired."

I'll tell him tomorrow when he feels better, she thought. I can't tell him now.

During the night Phyllis, lying sleepless in her bedroom as she tried to think of words that might soften the blow, could hear her father moving around on the davenport bed, groaning softly, and finally she heard him walking the floor—a sign that this was one of the really bad times.

She turned on the light and went to the living-room door.

"Can I fix the poultice for you, Dad? Sometimes it helps."

"Did I waken you with my fussing?" He looked at her contritely, his face whiter than ever. "I'm sorry, baby. Go back to bed. I'll fix the poultice later if it doesn't ease up."

"Please let me do it, Dad. I wasn't—I can't sleep anyway while you're suffering."

She went to the kitchen without waiting for an answer and made the flaxseed poultice. When she laid it on his leg a few minutes later he sighed in relief.

"Thank you, Philly-Anne. You're a good daughter. Now go to bed, please. I don't want you losing sleep on my account."

She lingered in the doorway a minute, reluctant to leave him. He looked so alone

—and somehow pathetic. When he turned and saw her still there he smiled—a rare, tender smile.

"I don't know what I'd do without you, honey," he said softly.

Something in the way he spoke made her eyes smart suddenly. She went to her bedroom quickly and closed the door so that he would not see the tears in her eyes.

"He has so little," she whispered after a while to the wet pillow. "He has only me. Why can't I do what he wants—be what he wants me to be?"

The pain was so bad the next day that Wesley Hall stayed home from work. After Phyllis had fixed his lunch at noon, she went back to the tennis courts, knowing that would make him happier than anything else. She didn't touch the piano that afternoon. But she had made a resolution. She would do both things—she *had* to do both things. There was no other way out of it. She had to play her level best in the exhibition game, for her father. Afterward she would decide.

On Sunday, when her father felt better, Phyllis said quietly, "Dad, the next piano recital is the same day as the tennis exhibition—three weeks from yesterday. Will you come to the recital as well as the match?"

"Well, you know I have no ear for music, kitten, but I'll come—sure—if you want me to." He paused, looking suddenly uneasy. "I didn't realize the recital was so soon, Phyl. That's going to make it tough on you, isn't it? But I had to let Curtis choose his own time—it's an honor to get him at all!"

She nodded. "I'll manage."

The next three weeks were the most grilling Phyllis had ever lived through. She got up earlier in the morning and practiced for an hour before going to school. From two until five in the afternoon she wore herself out on the tennis courts. And from seven to nine, after a big cup of black coffee with her dinner, she practiced at the piano again. Then she said good night to her father and made a pretense of going to bed. But actually she studied, sometimes until midnight, with the lamp shaded so that he would not see the light under her door.

There were circles under her eyes but she knew, even without Miss Elizabeth to tell her, that "Liebestraum" was going well.

And the tennis was improving, too, somewhat to her surprise. Was it because she was thinking only of the next hurdle—the exhibition match—and no longer thinking of the future? She was too tired to worry about the future now. Whatever the reason, she was playing more easily, with more confidence.

The days rushed by with alarming speed and the fateful Saturday came much too soon. She woke up in the morning icy with nervousness, which her father's last-minute instructions at the breakfast table did nothing to decrease. She was relieved when he finally rushed off to his office.

During the morning, while she washed her hair and pressed her white chiffon dress for the recital, Phyllis realized that she had never before known the real meaning of stage fright.

"What are you so fussed about?" a little demon whispered in her ear. "All you have to do is coast through the tennis match—save your energy for the recital. Curtis will tell your father you're a washout and then you'll be free for music."

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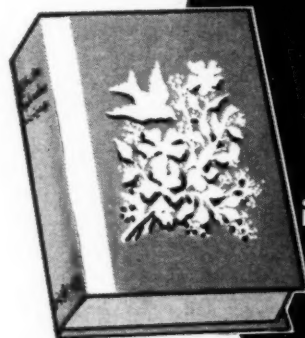
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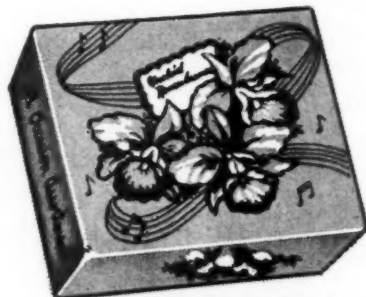
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But Phyllis knew she could not do that. She would play the best tennis she knew how to play, whatever happened afterward. Her stage fright was still with her when she faced Edna across the net at two o'clock that afternoon, and the match began badly. Her head felt thick and her body was stiff and awkward. She played erratically and twice in the first game she even served a double fault—an inexcusable error.

The games were three-love in Edna's favor when suddenly something clicked inside Phyllis and she began really to play. Maybe it was sheer despair, she thought later, that finally loosened the tension. Her body limbered up and her taut nerves relaxed. She swung gradually into a cool rhythm she had rarely been able to achieve before. During the long rallies, she placed her shots with precision in alternate corners of Edna's court, wearing her out, waiting for her errors. When she saw that Edna's confidence was ebbing at last and that her timing had begun to falter, she knew suddenly that she could win the match.

Afterward, she hardly remembered the details of the rest of it. It was as though she were two people—one standing off and watching the other one play. She was like a puppet—a projection of her father's wishing.

Both sets were long. The first was seven-five and the second was eight-six. But they were hers—two straight sets. As though in a dream, Phyllis heard the referee's cry, "Phyllis Hall—winner of the match!"

But she felt no elation. Instead, she was heartsick as Edna pumped her hand in congratulation and she saw her father hurrying toward her from the side lines, his face alight with joy. The silver-haired man following him must be Mr. Curtis, the University coach. She had no doubt about his verdict.

In that moment, she made her decision. Now I have no good reason to disappoint Dad, she thought unhappily. This proves that I can play—whether I like it or not. I might even be able to go on to the championship. And I owe it to him. I'll go to the University and save music for a hobby.

She tried to hide the bleakness in her face as her father lifted her off her feet in a jubilant bear hug and poured out a stream of praise and congratulation, but she hardly heard him until he said, "... and since Curtis' plane doesn't leave until eleven, he's going out to dinner with us and to your recital, too."

Phyllis swallowed dryly. Why had she ever thought it was important to have Dad at the recital? she wondered despairingly. He wouldn't even hear it. She could see now what an anticlimax it would be for the two men after the bright sunshine and the excitement of the game. There would be only the dimly lit salon, the quiet, the tinkling piano...

"You don't have to go to the recital, Dad, if you don't want to," she faltered. "I mean—I'm afraid it will be boring for Mr. Curtis, after the tennis match. Maybe you'd rather do something else—"

Her voice trailed off and her father looked at Curtis questioningly.

"If Phyllis plays the piano as well as she plays tennis, it will be a pleasure," Curtis smiled at her warmly. "Music is a hobby of mine, too, though I'm not a performer."

A hobby...

The dinner at the best restaurant in town was like ashes in her mouth. The men talked tennis and more tennis. At least her father

talked and Curtis put in a word now and then. But after she had left them in the front seats of the salon and was waiting her turn in back with the other students, her hands grew cold with nervousness again.

She knew that it wouldn't matter to Dad how she played—she might as well be playing "Chopsticks" for all the music would mean to him. But it mattered a lot to Miss Elizabeth. And it mattered to *her*, Phyllis. Maybe this was the last recital she would ever play in. Maybe this was her swan song. Very well, then, she would make it a good one—the best that was in her.

She was last on the program and the wait seemed interminable, but at last they beckoned to her. Miss Elizabeth kissed her before she went on the stage. Phyllis walked slowly to the big grand piano and sat down.

She played the very best she knew how, for Miss Elizabeth. But she was talking to her father in her music, too, even though she was sure he would never understand. She forgot the rest of the audience while she played "*Liebestraum*"—dream of love.

"This is my life, Dad," she told him while the strong bass notes sang out with the exquisite running accompaniment above. "This is what I would have liked to be—a pianist. But I will give it up because I love you too much to hurt you. Because you are alone and half ill. I will be what you want me to be if I can. But this is what I am best fitted for—do you hear? This was my dream . . ."

When the last heart-throbbing chords of the "*Liebestraum*" had died away, Phyllis walked from the stage in a trance. She did not hear the storm of applause that rocked the little salon. Miss Elizabeth was waiting for her and there were tears in her eyes.

"They're calling you," she said gently. "Go back, Phyllis, go back and play the 'Moonlight Sonata.'"

Phyllis stared at her for a moment. Then she went back on the platform. The lovely melody of the "Moonlight Sonata" was like a murmuring breeze in the quiet room—played with a tenderness and yearning that Phyllis had never put into it before.

This time, when she had finished, she walked straight down the platform steps to where her father and Mr. Curtis had been sitting. She couldn't bear to see Miss Elizabeth again right now.

The recital was over and the two men were on their feet with the rest of the audience. They were standing apart from the crowd now, and they seemed to be arguing about something. Probably they are still talking tennis, Phyllis thought, with a moment of bitterness. But in the next instant she heard the words: "You know the old adage as well as I do, Wes," Curtis was saying gently. "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink."

"But this afternoon you said she played a wonderful game of tennis," Dad argued angrily. "Now you change your tune."

Curtis shook his head. "I still say she played a wonderful game of tennis, but if you remember, I didn't say she would necessarily make a champion. She might, but to climb high in tennis, Wesley, you have to love the game—the way this kid loves music. Didn't you hear? She made that piano sing tonight!"

Phyllis felt her heart ache intolerably as she saw the desolation on her father's face. "I don't know enough about music to be able to hear anything like that," he mumbled.

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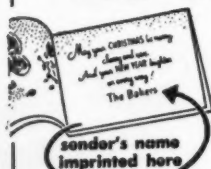
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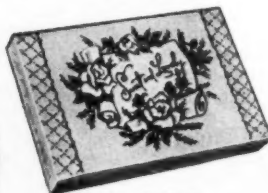
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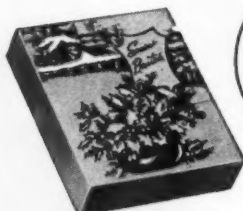


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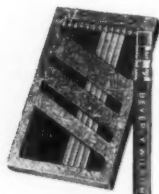
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music to recognize that Phyllis is a born pianist," Curtis said, looking at him pityingly. "I'm sorry, fellow—but you asked me to tell you the truth when I came here. Talents are God-given, Wes," he added softly, "and men shouldn't tamper with 'em any more than they can help."

Dad nodded slowly, a look of defeat in his eyes.

"She never told me," he said unhappily. "I suppose I should have seen it for myself. I'm just a blind old mule—"

Not until then did Phyllis realize that she had been eavesdropping. She walked forward quickly.

"Forgive me, Dad—I heard," she said quietly.

He looked down at her soberly. "It's true, isn't it—what Curtis said?"

She nodded, her eyes imploring him not to be hurt too much.

"But I'll go to the University if you want me to, Dad," she said. "And I'll do everything I can to make you proud of me. I'll try my best to be a champion."

His eyes softened and the look of defeat on his face disappeared. He bent down and kissed her cheek.

"Don't worry, honey, you're a champion already," he said huskily. "A champion pianist, from all they say—and certainly a champion daughter."

Phyllis put her arms around him and hugged him tight. "I'll make you proud of my music, Dad," she promised. "You'll see. And we'll have fun together with tennis. It will be my hobby, as music is Mr. Curtis's. I'll always need you, Dad."

THE END

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SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE—Go adventuring with bold Jamie (Errol Flynn), eldest son of the Lord of Ballantrae, in a Technicolor presentation of Stevenson's famous novel of Scotland in the days of the Stuarts. Follow him through the Stuart rebellion; into exile and piracy; and back to Scotland to fight for his heritage and his sweetheart, the Lady Alison (Beatrice Campbell). This stirring picture was filmed on location in Scotland, England, and in the harbor of Palermo, Sicily. (Warner)



HOUDINI—There are thrills, chills, and laughter for everyone in this Technicolor picture based on the life of one of the greatest magicians. Tony Curtis is cast as Houdini, the master of magic, illusion, and the escape technique. Janet Leigh is his wife, Bebe, who fell in love with him when she first saw him as a "wild man" in a Coney Island dime museum. You will like the warmly human love story; and the daring, dangerous stunts and escapes of Houdini will have you breathless. (Paramount)



WHITE WITCH DOCTOR—Anyone who likes tales of adventure in far-off places will enjoy this Technicolor picture with authentic jungle background. A nurse (Susan Hayward) whose dead husband had hoped to be a medical missionary, goes to Africa to carry out his dream. But trouble starts when two adventurers (Robert Mitchum and Walter Slezak) try to make her a cat's-paw in their own evil schemes. Hair-raising suspense sustains the interest to the final scene of this exciting picture. (20th Century-Fox)



JULIUS CAESAR—Don't miss this picture! Under expert direction a superb cast makes the men and women and intrigues of Shakespeare's play as vivid and alive as today's radio or TV news. Tensions mount; events move swiftly to the inevitable ending. History repeats itself as governments rise and fall, and this picture gives much food for thought. In the large cast are Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, Louis Calhern, Edmund O'Brien, Greer Garson, and Deborah Kerr. (M-G-M)

Dip, Dip, and Swing

First Nonfiction Award

*My paddle's keen and bright,
Flashing like silver
Follow the wild goose flight;
Dip, dip, and swing . . .*

The song broke gaily over the water as our paddles dipped to its pulsing. A loon, diving for its breakfast, turned us a startled eye, then ducked jauntily beneath the surface almost before our bow. The breeze that bit our cheeks was cold; the shore glistened with early-morning dew; and our spirits soared, buoyant as the canoe itself. We were free, without a care but the rhythm of the song:

Dip, dip, and swing . . .

"Portage!" our weary arms laid aside the paddles and adjusted the straps of the heavy packs on each other's shoulders. Bent almost double, with a lemon drop tucked under my tongue, I started the uphill trek, on and up, seeming never to end. Past a waterfall, rushing, pounding in my head; so tired. I grasped a tree—white birch, slender, swaying all about me. "Don't sit. You can't get up." My friend's warning was all but inaudible. The lemon drop was gone; my throat and mouth were dry—like cotton.

Suddenly it began to rain, seeping into my collar, chafing my arms, mucking the mud ahead. A slip, and I sank to my calves.

"Jean!" Foolish to think she could help; she could barely hold herself. But hands groped behind my shoulders, and there was blessed lightness there . . . quickly to dry ground, gasping and managing a smile for Jean. Water and beach, gray in the rain, were beautiful. The weight slipped off, and numb bodies stretched upon the rocks.

Dip, dip, and swing . . .

No care but the tireless rhythm, rain-filled canoe, and searching for a clearing. At last one appeared—a long shoal of rock, part of a small island. We beached and made camp. The odor of stew soon tantalized us, and our shoes dried comfortably before the fire. The sun peaked just above the horizon in a parting brilliance, catching the cobweb above me in a thousand tiny lights. "Look!" Jean cried. A rainbow, long and perfect, stretched from one shore of the tiny lake to the other, and as we watched, another formed from the mist below it, and a third above. In a tiered, radiant benediction they filled our tired eyes with glory, and our spirits surged with the wonder of the rhythm,

Dip, dip, and swing . . .

KATHAN BROWN (age 17) Daytona Beach, Florida



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
MARCIA ANN HOLNIG (age 15)

Flandreau, South Dakota

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Number 155

First Fiction Award

Little-Janet's head was up and she was trying very hard to make her horse Cassiopeia lead with the right foot. It was two days before the Millvale Horse Show and Little-Janet was practicing. She had asked her mother if she was old enough to ride Cassiopeia in a real horse show and her mother had said that six years old was pretty young, but that she could try it if she wanted to. She was called Little-Janet because she was small, even for six.

So here she was practicing on Cassiopeia. It was quite hard for her to ride such a big horse, but he was the only horse they had besides her pony, and slowly but surely he was beginning to understand what Little-Janet meant and was leading with the right foot.

The next day when Little-Janet took Cassiopeia out in the practice ring for the last time before the show his trot was as smooth as any horse's trot could be and he was cantering beautifully. She decided not to do too much riding before tomorrow because she wanted him all fresh and ready for the Horse Show.

At two o'clock the next day the Horse Show had begun and Little Janet was saddling up for her class when she heard the announcer say: "All children twelve years and under riding in the Walk, Trot, and Canter please get ready."

"That's me," said Little-Janet to herself. So she mounted and rode over to the gate where her mother was waiting for her.

"Good luck, darling!" said her mother, and Little-Janet rode into the ring with a happy feeling inside of her and her number flapping against her back. She knew that number by heart. It was "155."

She was competing with nine other children, most of them older than she was. They started walking around the ring and then the call came to trot. Little-Janet was very glad that Cassiopeia was trotting as smoothly as he had the day before. Finally they pulled back to a walk and then the call came to canter. Cassiopeia took the lead, going beautifully.

"Line up!" called one of the judges. Little-Janet's heart jumped. This was the moment she had been waiting for. The judges walked up and down looking the horses over. Then the children were asked to back. And then five of the children were asked to leave the ring. As the dismissed numbers were called out, Little-Janet's heart almost stopped beating, but Number 155 was not called. She drew a deep breath of relief and felt Cassiopeia draw a deep breath too.

Then the judges asked the five remaining children to go around the ring again. Little-Janet looked at the big girl ahead of her who must be almost thirteen years old and saw how well she rode: "Oh, dear," thought Little-Janet, "I wish I could ride like that."

"Canter, please!"

Little-Janet gathered up her reins and squeezed her knees against Cassiopeia's sides, hoping he would understand the lead signal. But Cassiopeia had other ideas, for just at that moment a little girl by the railing lost her balloon which sailed right into Cassiopeia's face. He went up on his hind legs with his forelegs

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One Way

First Poetry Award

*This morning I set out to climb a hill—
An old man showed me where I should
ascend.*

*It is a path, but it weaves in and out
So I think I shall start my own way.*

*There are so many brambles here around
me—*

*My arms are scratched and bleeding; they
hurt.*

*My dress is torn and the ground is very
wet;*

The other way was dry, it seems to me.

*At last I've reached the top where there
is sun—*

*Is that the same old man I met before?
He looks so rested, gazing on the world.*

*It is a lovely view I will admit. . . .
But I'm so tired I must sleep awhile.*

REGINA FUCITO (age 15) Waterbury, Conn.

Americans All

Fiction Award

"Attention, World!" Mother Nature seemed to say, "It's the first day of summer!" But Janice didn't notice the bustling activity of a new season that surrounded her. She sat absently tapping her pencil, her brow puckered in a worried frown. It wasn't fair! It just wasn't fair! From the time the first Fourth of July pageant had been presented, the town had relied on the Caseys to give them a real performance. Now after one hundred years she, Janice Casey, had been notified she wouldn't be needed. Miss Stacy had someone better qualified for the role. Better qualified! That was a good one! She just felt sorry for Brenda because, being a new girl, she hadn't made many friends before school was out.

Janice didn't blame the other children for not associating with Brenda Worsky. The girl had come from Poland a short time before and couldn't speak English very well. That wasn't so bad, but the clothes she wore! Those shoes were even out of date in Poland.

Last night at dinner the family had discussed it. Janice told them about Brenda's entering school in May and amazing the teachers. Why, she wasn't so smart at all. Even algebra was hard for her and they were such simple problems. She vaguely recalled Daddy's saying something about the courage the girl had to accept the part and she might be a good actress. A good actress! She would probably fall all over herself in those shoes. It was a wonder she could walk at all. It just didn't seem possible the coveted role was being given to a foreigner who perhaps didn't know what this wonderful Independence Day was all about.

Janice aroused herself with difficulty as the instructor announced rehearsals would begin. She was assigned to help backstage as costume designer. Well! This was one year they could get along without the Caseys. The whole thing would probably be a big flop and next year Janice would have no competition for the role.

Suddenly silence reigned over the general confusion that usually accompanies the last preparations before rehearsals begin. The great blue curtain rose slowly and majestically as if to herald the coming of a great performance. The small audience gasped in awe of the backdrop scenery, and the cast came to life to the stirring strains of "America." Brenda



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began to speak, slowly at first, then with renewed confidence and great feeling.

All at once Janice realized she couldn't leave. She had never witnessed a performance equal to the one she stood watching now. As she gazed transfixed, the park seemed to fade. In its place she saw the historic landing of Plymouth Rock as the weary Pilgrims fell reverently upon their knees. Brenda was no longer a Polish immigrant but an early settler giving thanks to God for the blessed freedoms of a new land full of opportunities.

As the final curtain rang down, there was a moment of deep silence, and then spontaneous applause. As she made her way through the crowd to Brenda, Janice hoped fervently that Miss Stacy hadn't arranged for another costume designer. She understood now what Daddy had tried to tell her about courage, and she had to admit if you looked closely enough the shoes were rather pretty.

NANCY DAVIS (age 14) Tulsa, Oklahoma

Grandmother

Poetry Award

There, seated in a rocking chair, is
Grandmother

My grandmother, my very own.
When close by her, you can see her eyes,
Eyes filled with tales of the past,
The past of love and happiness.
Her hair is of silver,
Precious silver.

Her mouth is small and forlorn.
There, seated in a rocking chair, is
Grandmother

My grandmother, my very own.

CAROLE WARHAFTIG (age 16) Brooklyn, New York

My Fish Tank

Nonfiction Award

If you should enter my room, one of the things that would first catch your eye would be my fish tank. It is not very large as it is only ten inches across. It contains fifteen fish: nine rainbow guppies; three platies, one deep orange with black fins called a red wag, one orange with black spots called a salt-and-pepper, and one is a whitish orange called a crescent. I also have two barbs, flat fish with thick, black stripes. And last but not least, a cute little catfish who seems to sweep the tank with his two whiskers. I have to clean the tank about every ten days. Between times the snails help keep it clean.

When I had only my guppies and kept them in a bowl I looked in one night and saw three pairs of black eyes. When I looked closer, I discovered three small bodies no bigger than the lead on a pencil. I knew I must get them out before the other guppies would eat them. I couldn't get them out myself, so I ran to my next-door neighbor (who had given them to me) and she fished them out. The next day one of the babies died, but I still have the other two, which are almost adults.

My cat used to try to catch a fish, and one morning my mother got a good photo of her. She was bending over so far that her head was in the bowl. She was silhouetted against the window, and the fish were madly swimming about.

I turn on the light in my tank at night, to keep the fish warm as tropical fishes need to be kept between sixty and eighty degrees. The colorful lighted tank looks pretty against the darkness.

Ichthyology, which is the technical name for the study of fish, is the most delightful hobby I know.

KATHRYN BAER (age 10) Hollywood, California

Escape

Nonfiction Award

Muted strains of music. I do not know what they mean to you. To me they are escape. Escape from my room and chair, the braces and the crutches.

When I hear music I am no longer tied down to the earth, but free and floating high away from it all. I am the little cloud seen in the blue sky. I am in the court of old Vienna. I am the ballet. I am Aida, Thais, and all the rest. I'm the gentle rain welcomed by the thirsty earth. I am life, joy, and love, sorrow and death.

Then there is always the moment when my music is cut off. I am again a slave to my bonds. But I am happy because there is always Escape . . .

MARY ANN EMMANUEL

(age 15)

Dallas, Pennsylvania

Solitude

Poetry Award

High on a cliff above a sandy beach,
Facing the sea,
The ancient cypress bend to form a room.
A shelter from the wind, which bent their limbs

To gnarled and desolate forms.
Behind these trees are more . . . and more,

For this is the land where the mountains
Meet the sea.

A narrow path leads down the face of the cliff

To the small and sandy beach.
I come to walk along the sand and sing.
Or dream beside a smoldering driftwood fire.

And no one knows.

ROBIN van LOBEN SELS

(age 15)

El Monte, California

The Big Catch

Nonfiction Award

It was a beautiful evening, the kind that people dream about. But I wasn't dreaming. That was the night that my father and I decided to go fishing.

I got ready. I helped get out our equipment, daubed some nice repulsive mosquito repellent on my arms and face, and put on my old clothes. Oh, well, who cares about being glamorous on a fishing trip, anyway?

We went down to the dock, climbed into the boat with all our gear, were splashed by my dog as she jumped in too, and started out. We let out trolling lines and my father began to row.

I looked around. The moon was rising with a pale glow over the pine trees, and the lake shimmered with silver in its light. I could hear soft music echoing across the water from the camp across the lake. This was nice and romantic until I remembered that only my dog was on the seat beside me. My thoughts returned to fishing.

I thought of that muskie I had seen displayed in town that morning. I thought how exciting it would be to catch such a fish. Why just last night a man had caught a big walleye, right over there in those rocks! That would be a good catch, too. My hopes rose. I waited.

I had been patient for an hour or two while nothing happened. All I had done was swat mosquitoes and jerk weeds off the hook! Things were looking hopeless.

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line! My heart jumped and my pulse beat
faster! I spun my reel handle.

My father had taken one glance at the
thrashing body in the water and was laying
down his rod to help. Then we knew that
a great effort would be needed to bring this
monster into the boat. Something had hap-
pened that had never happened to us before!

My dog had fallen overboard.

BARBARA HARR (age 15) Naperville, Illinois

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Donna Dickens (age 15) Belmont, N. Y.; Lois
Nakamura (age 15) Palo Alto, Calif.

POETRY: Jerry Barbier (age 15) Vancouver, Wash.;

Anne Cronkrite (age 13) Pasadena, Calif.

FICTION: Jo Ann Gilbert (age 14) Marion, La.;

Cathy Federer (age 15) Los Angeles, Calif.

NONFICTION: Doris Aldrich (age 11) Woonsocket,

R. I.; Linda Swift (age 14) Hackensack, N. J.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Carol Miles (age 14) West Point,

N. Y.; Nancy Hodgson (age 12) Glen Cove, N. Y.

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own
Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may
send contributions to this department. They
may be on any subject that will appeal to
teen-agers. Only original material, never be-
fore published anywhere, should be sub-
mitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions
the idea, and the drawings or words which
express that idea, must be entirely the
sender's. Contributions must not be copied
in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical
or human-interest sketch, episode from real
life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on
stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be
done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink,
charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than
5" x 7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black-and-
white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4".
Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs
will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the December, 1953, issue must
be mailed on or before September 1, 1953. En-
tries will be considered only for the one issue
of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all
manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to draw-
ings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by par-
ent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am con-
vinced that it is the original idea and work of
the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly
written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered
in judging, and the decision of the judges is
final. A contributor may send only one entry a
month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs
submitted become the property of THE AMER-
ICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowl-
edged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL re-
serves the right to cut and edit manuscripts
when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month
a list of Honorable Mention contributions is
printed. No awards are made for these:

Send Entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

For Easier Extra Money SELL THE UNUSUAL

**Make \$50* on 50 Boxes of New
COLOR-CHROME Christmas Cards**

Show excitingly different line. Make more money in spare time. New idea—COLOR CHROME Personalized Christmas Cards with life-like color photos pay you \$1.00 profit on each box. Big demand for profitable GLO-IN-THE-DARK Christmas Ornaments with amazing mystery light. FREE SAMPLES sell both for you.

SEND FOR SAMPLES!

150 other fast-sellers add to your earnings. MAGLO LEAF that shines silver by a touch; new and different Christmas and Birthday Cards; Religious Cards; Name-in-Skirt Notes; 81 Gifts. Send for outfit of Assortments containing all Free Samples of Glo-In-The-Dark, Color-Chrome Cards, and other Name-Imprinted Items.

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MAGIC LEAF
A Touch
Cleans Silver Bright

GLO-IN-THE-DARK
Christmas
Ornaments
Sell
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FREE! FREE!

Photo of Your Favorite
MOVIE STAR

Big Benefit! ... NOT small pocket size, but LARGER. ACTUAL PORTRAIT. Also FREE! Beautiful Catalog. FREE! Many additional pictures of popular stars on cover. FREE! Tells how to get HOME ADDRESSES, BIRTHDAYS, and PHOTOS OF STARS HOMES. Send only 15¢ for handling (25 photos for 25¢). Stan 101.

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**Bring Your
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Amazingly Different and Smart
CHRISTMAS CARDS

NEW 2-IN-1 MAGIC WINDOWS
Take Easy Orders for new Christmas Cards. Pays up to 100% cash Profit. Big Line. Christmas Cards With Name 50 for \$1.50. Sensational New GLO-IN-THE-DARK Ornaments. Personal Stationery, Book Matches; Imprints FREE. Several 81 Boxes on Approval. Start earning extra income now! Write:

NORTH STAR, 31 Glenwood, Dept. 3-L, Minneapolis, Minn.

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12 Large Size
Assorted Colors **ONLY \$1.00**

Money Back Guarantee. Order Now!
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Please enter a subscription for the period checked.

Payment of \$..... is enclosed.

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NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Gift Card to read from

DONOR'S NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

WHERE TO BUY AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

NOTES ON FASHION, PAGES 32-33

(Cavendish Stores)

Baltimore, Md. **Stewart & Co.**
Boston, Mass. **Chandler & Co.**
Buffalo, N. Y. **Wm. Hengerer Co.**
Charlotte, N. C. **J. B. Ivey & Co.**
Dayton, Ohio **Elder & Johnston**
Grand Rapids, Mich. **Wurzberg Co.**
Greenville, S. C. **Ivey-Keith Co.**
Kansas City, Mo. **Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.**
Los Angeles, Calif. **Broadway Dept. Store**
Louisville, Ky. **Stewart D. G. Co.**
Memphis, Tenn. **J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.**
Milwaukee, Wisc. **Ed. Schuster & Co.**
New Orleans, La. **D. H. Holmes Co.**
Raleigh, N. C. **Ivey-Taylor Co.**
St. Louis, Mo. **Scruggs-Vandevoort & Barney**
Salt Lake City, Utah **Auerbach Co.**
Scranton, Penna. **Cleland Simpson Co.**

COTTON CLASSMATES, PAGE 34

Shirley Lee Dress

Atlanta, Ga. **Davison's**
Miami, Fla. **Burdine's, Inc.**
New Orleans, La. **D. H. Holmes Co.**

Bobby Teen Dress

Bangor, Maine **Freesse's, Inc.**
Chicago, Ill. **Goldblatt's**
National City, Calif. **Delbert's Dept. Store**
Philadelphia, Penna. **Lit Brothers**
Rome, Ga. **H. Kessler & Co.**

Young Sophisticates Dress

Pittsburgh, Penna. **Kaufmann's**
Rochester, N. Y. **E. W. Edwards & Son**
Washington, D. C. **Woodward & Lothrop**

**USE THIS HANDY FORM TO ORDER
AMERICAN GIRL PATTERNS**

on page 36

Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (30¢ in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGE 36

9365—Dress with Separate Jerkin

Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

9024—Jumper and Blouse

Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

4859—Three-Piece Ensemble

Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

enclose \$..... for patterns
checked above

Be sure to enclose correct amount (30¢) for each pattern ordered (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage.

Name.....

(Please Print)

Address.....

City and State.....

(Please Indicate Zone No.)

MAIL TO: THE AMERICAN GIRL

Pattern Department 8/53

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

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TALL**



TALL
OVER 5 FT. 7 in.

**Mail Coupon for
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It's almost just like a fashion magazine and shows all the new Fall Fashions for TALL GIRLS as originated by Lane Bryant... Dresses, coats, suits, jackets, blouses, slacks, sweaters, negligees, lingerie, foundations, stockings, shoes... all designed for TALL-sizes 10-20... but all priced like fashions in "regular sizes".

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for your Free
Style Book Today

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Lane Bryant, Dept. T2
465 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Please send me your
"Over Five-Seven Shop" Style Book.

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GIVEN! Set of 88 Flags of All Nations IN FULL COLOR

When ordering our bargain packet of 100 assorted stamps from Japan — guaranteed to be worth at least \$2.00 in Standard Stamp Catalog! Free Booklet "How To Recognize Rare Stamps" included. Other offers enclosed. Send only 25¢ to:

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More than 100 diff. fascinating, intriguing stamps from Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, etc. Complete Collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5¢ for postage. YATMAN STAMP CO. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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APPROVALS INCLUDED. 5¢ HANDLING PLEASE RAYMAX 37-G. MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.C.

WOW! 203 All Different GERMANY 15¢

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What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street, address, City, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

POLIO PRECAUTIONS

Gettin' mix with new groups

Gettin' overboard

Gettin' chilled

BUT DO keep clean

Gettin' clean

Gettin' clean — obtained from human blood — gives protection for a few weeks. However, it is in VERY SHORT SUPPLY.

A vaccine is not ready for 1953. But there is hope for the future.

Meanwhile — when polio is around — follow these PRECAUTIONS.

RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Jokes

TRUTHFUL

BABY SITTER: Are you a good little boy?

SMALL JOCK: I am not! I'm the kind of little boy my mother doesn't like me to play with.

Sent by JANE MERRILL, San Diego, California

WANT TO TRY IT?

WILMA: What can a man put into his right hand, but never into his left hand?

JOE: You tell me.

WILMA: His left elbow.

Sent by JIM WARR, Londonderry, Northern Ireland

CAN'T EXPECT TOO MUCH

DINER: It's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup.

WAITER: Yes, sir, but you know how slow turtles are.

Sent by MADELEINE MORLEY, Suffern, New York

WEIGHTY PROBLEM

The teacher had asked her third-grade pupils to write down the names of the eleven men they felt were America's greatest heroes. Finally all the papers were in except Jimmy's.

"Haven't you finished your list, Jimmy?" asked the teacher.

"Not quite," he answered. "I can't decide who to put down for halfback."

Sent by MARY ISABELLE LITCHFIELD, Sun Valley, Idaho

EASY

TENDERFOOT: How can I drive a nail without hitting my finger?

FIRST-CLASS SCOUT: Hold the hammer with both hands.

Sent by KAREN KOSKI, Stow, Ohio

ANY QUESTIONS?

A genius is a person who solves a problem you didn't know you had in a way you can't understand.

Sent by LOUISE TEESLINK, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

PROGRESSION

FRESHMAN: I don't know.

SOPHOMORE: I am not prepared.

JUNIOR: I do not remember.

SENIOR: I don't believe I can add anything to what has already been said.

Sent by PEGGY WUTH, Omaha, Nebraska

BIG DIFFERENCE

PROFESSOR: How old would a person be who was born in 1894?

STUDENT: Man or woman?

Sent by ALPHA McMAHON, Eagle Point, Oregon

NOT IN HER CLASS!

Just before examination time the teacher gave her pupils a severe lecture and told them that if they failed in any of their subjects they would have to take them over. When she finished she asked if there were any questions.

One boy raised his hand. "If I fail in conduct, can I take it over?" he asked.

Sent by KATHERINE WOODYARD, Athens, Ohio

RIGHT, MOLARI LEFT, MOLARI

DENTIST: Pardon me for a moment, please. Before I begin working on your teeth I must have my drill.

IRRITABLE PATIENT: Good heavens, Doctor! Can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?

Sent by LINDA FOSTER, Downers Grove, Illinois

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

The fellow who laughs at a woman trying to drive a car through a twelve-foot garage door usually sobers up when he tries to thread a needle.

Sent by NANCY DISNEY, Pineville, Louisiana

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"Shall we go? I don't think your mother will have any more trouble with the furnace."

HOW SIS AND I EACH MADE

\$50

AFTER SCHOOL



WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU TWO? YOU BOTH LOOK AS IF YOU JUST LOST YOUR BEST FRIEND.

IT'S ROUGH, JERRY. SIS HAS TO RAISE \$25 FOR HER SORORITY EARNING FUND... I WANT A NEW BIKE... BUT BETWEEN US WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH FOR A COKE.



WHY NOT EARN THE MONEY? READ THIS AD. IT SAYS IT'S EASY TO MAKE \$50 IN YOUR SPARE TIME SELLING ARTISTIC GREETING CARDS.

SOUNDS GREAT. WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIS, ARE YOU GAME?

YOU BET! I'LL ANSWER THE AD RIGHT NOW!



MAN OH MAN, THE MAIL-MAN JUST DELIVERED THESE SAMPLES. AREN'T THEY TERRIF, SIS?

GOLLY, IT OUGHT TO BE A SNAP SELLING ARTISTIC GREETING CARDS. BET I SELL MORE THAN YOU!



YOU'LL TAKE 3 BOXES, MRS. GREEN? GOSH, THANKS A LOT!

JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, JACK. AND REASONABLE, TOO. I'LL NEED 8 BOXES OF CARDS TO SEND TO MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS.



HEY, SIS! ISN'T THIS GREAT? I GOT ORDERS FOR 15 CHRISTMAS CARD ASSORTMENTS FROM 3 CUSTOMERS ON FULTON STREET AFTER SCHOOL WITHOUT HALF TRYING!

QUIT YOUR BRAGGING! I MADE \$8.20 THIS AFTER-NOON TOO, SHOWING THE CARDS AND STATIONERY TO THE NEIGHBORS!



YIPPEE! LOOK AT ALL THIS PRETTY MONEY! SELLING ARTISTIC GREETING CARDS IS REALLY FUN. WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE BIKE I GET! HOW DID YOU DO, SIS?

GREAT, JACK! I MADE MY QUOTA FOR THE SORORITY EARNING FUND WITH ENOUGH LEFT OVER TO GET A NEW DRESS!



ARTISTIC CARD CO.
736 Way St., Elmira, New York

You, Too, Can Earn EXTRA MONEY

For Sporting Goods, Clothes Or Anything Else You Want!



CLUB MEMBERS!
Clubs raise hundreds of dollars easily and quickly with Artistic Cards. For special plan, give club name in coupon.

You don't need experience. Just show gorgeous samples we furnish you, and keep up to 100% profit on each box. Values like our stunning new 21-Card Christmas Assortments at \$1 sell on sight. You make \$50 on 100 boxes! Many other fast-sellers. Send coupon—no money—for Assortments on approval and FREE Name-Imprinted Samples. Act TODAY!

MAIL COUPON FOR SAMPLES NOW!

Paste Coupon On Postcard Or Insert In Envelope
SEND TODAY

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
736 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.
I want to make extra money! Rush full details, assortments on approval and Name-Imprinted Samples FREE!

Name.....
Address.....
City & Zone..... State.....
If for an organization, give its name below



Campus custom calls for Coke

How naturally a pause for Coke

fits the pattern of busy people.

Take the coed, for instance, and her jam-packed schedule
of classes, sports and dates.

She has only moments to relax . . . but that's time enough
for the quick refreshment of Coca-Cola.



100%

100%

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